

The Branksome Slogan



1943



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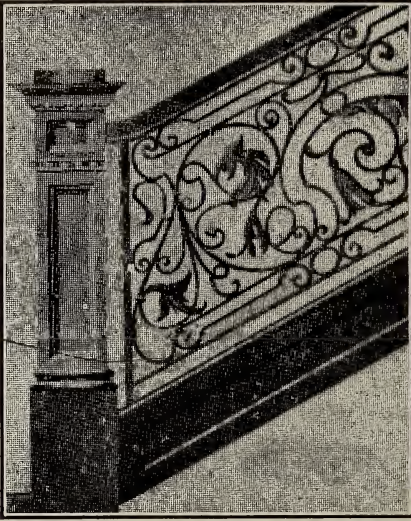
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We are showing a fine assortment of coffee tables, end tables, lamp tables, desks, bookcases, tea carts in walnut. Some pieces are in solid walnut; others in veneers of crotch walnut, butt walnut, burl walnut.

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THE BRANKSOME SLOGAN



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ALUMNAE REPRESENTATIVE

AINSLIE McMICHAEL

WHEN THE CLOUDS ROLL BY

The care-free days of a few years ago are a thing of the past and even school and college girls find that conditions have changed.

The war may not be over for a long time to come but it must end some day and we feel certain that it must result in our ultimate victory. Already we are planning for a happier, more normal existence and we look forward to a realization of dreams that are perhaps at present dormant.

Now is the time to consider what part Life Insurance can play in your future. None of us is too young to make plans that include an insurance policy and you would be surprised if you knew all that such a policy can do in making your dreams come true.

Many school girls will be making good money during the next few years. Ask one of our representatives to let you know how YOU can put aside from your earnings enough to carry a really worthwhile policy. It is simpler than you think and it will mean a tremendous lot to you in the difficult years that lie ahead. Think it over and ask us to tell you more about it.

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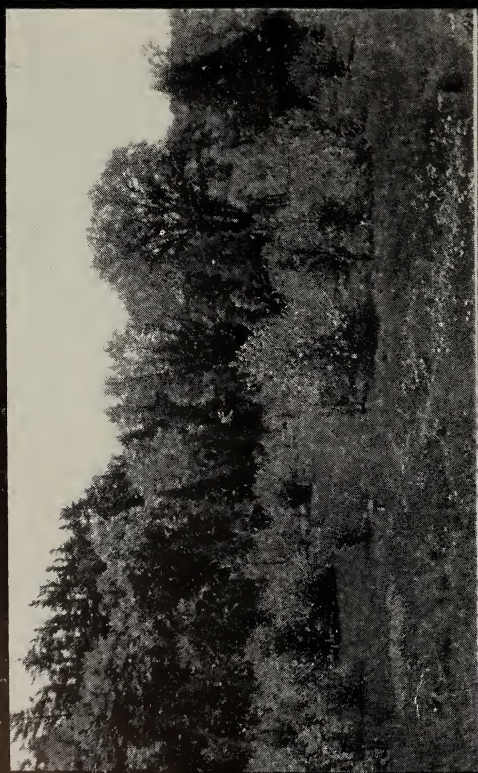
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"Readacres," York Mills, Ontario





Those who have made the school what it is, those at Branksome now, and those who will follow after,—Branksomites of the past, present, and future—may rightly consider the year 1942-43 one of the greatest in the history of our school.

One of the outstanding events of the year must surely have been the opening of the enchanting new property, Readacres, at York Mills. As a frontispiece this year we have a picture of the property, but you must have been there to know all its beauties. It is of particular value this year on account of the shortage of gasoline, which curtailed our trips to Clansdale Heights.

This year Branksome has put forward a war effort far surpassing any of previous years. Everyone who has helped in this effort deserves praise for the part she has played, for giving up entertainments and luxuries in order to reach our goal. We must not lean now upon our oars, but do our bit in our own way—we may help at home, at the Red Cross, or at the Canteen; we may thin peaches or pick strawberries until our backs ache; we may join the Forces and give our whole time to them. If we are coming back to school let us prepare for another hard push—this time we will push right on to Victory!

We want to thank you for your splendid contributions. We have tried to make the Slogan worthy of this year, of your co-operation, and above all, of our school; we hope you enjoy it.

THE EDITORS.

THIS CHANGING SCHOOL

Branksome has always been a school that did not mind making any changes as long as those changes seemed to be for the good of the school, and especially has this been the case ever since the war began. Only a few days after war was declared we welcomed to our school a group of girls from Harrogate College in England—girls who had been travelling in Canada and were unable to return immediately—this naturally meant certain adjustments. One of these girls remained in Canada, took a course in Physical Education after a year with us, and is now a member of our staff, Miss Joyce O'Neill.

Then in the summer of 1940 girls from about twenty-five different schools in Great Britain, as well as from other lands, came to us. To commemorate these events one of our buildings has been called Harrogate House and another Sherborne House—Sherborne School, Dorset, being our largest school group.

That these last four years have been most interesting and that having these groups at Branksome has been a most valuable experience, everyone connected with the school will agree, and we shall always be thankful we were given this privilege. It goes without saying though that Branksome will never be the same again. It is true these girls and members of the staff cannot be with us many years but their influence will live on and on, and due to their years of exile, Canada and Great Britain will forever be more closely bound together. We hope, too, when the war is over to establish scholarships so that the Old Country will always be represented at Branksome.

This coming year, on account of the departure of the older girls in the Sherborne group, in order to take up war work at home, those who remain will merge with the rest of the girls in residence and Sherborne House, our new property at number 3 Elm Avenue, will be used for the purpose for which it was intended—a residence for our Fifth Form girls. It will be conducted somewhat on the lines of a University Residence or a junior College, and the girls living there will be those who are taking first year university work or the secretarial or household science courses.

These war years are extremely difficult for girls who have just completed their Junior Matriculation and are wondering what is best to do with their lives. We believe this residence will fill a special need at this time, and we are glad to say that already a number of girls are enrolled, promising to make a successful first year for this new venture of ours.

I am sure you will be wondering what our next change will be—
So Am I ! ! !

EDITH M. READ,
Principal

Message From the Head Girl

As the end of another year approaches, I look back over the days we have spent together and ponder over the things that have made this year so beneficial to us.

Since our first days here the ever-present guidance of Miss Read and of the Staff has proved of invaluable assistance in the moulding of our characters. Qualities of faith, integrity, loyalty, and co-operation have ever been before us. In these days of stress it is gratifying to know that we are being trained to go out into the world with a deep knowledge of those ideals for which we are fighting.

For many of us our career at Branksome is drawing to a close; we are about to embark on a new career. The tools have been placed in our hands; now let us use them.



PATRICIA STOCKTON

OUR SCHOOL SONG

Lives are in the making here,
Hearts are in the waking here,
Mighty undertaking here,
Up, and On!
We are arming for the fight,
Pressing on with all our might,
Pluming wings for higher flight,
Up, and On!

Foes in plenty we shall meet,
Hearts courageous scorn defeat,
So we press with eager feet,
Up, and On!
Ever onward to the fight,
Ever upward to the light,
Ever true to God and Right,
Up, and On!

Up then! Truest fame lies in high endeavour,
Play the game! Keep the flame burning brightly ever
Up, then! Play the game! Up, and On!

PATRICIA STOCKTON.



Post War Planning for Canada

With the example of a peace gloriously won by our soldier sons and weakly thrown away by our politicians we of the United Nations are now, during this war, looking for some firm social and economic foundation for world order. The combination of peoples which has proved indispensable in the war must not fall apart if order is to endure. We need not settle our differences in order to unite. We must unite in order to settle our differences.

The four freedoms for which we fight are freedom of speech, freedom of worship, freedom from fear, and freedom from want. But how can we achieve freedom from fear and want? Economically we are producing more food, more metals, more textiles and more machinery than Canada has ever before been able to produce. When the war is won, we shall have to see that we find ways and means to keep up the high rate of production and that we use our great productive powers to raise the standard of living. The government must maintain the purchasing power at the high level that has been achieved today. The answer is continued government control of industries, price control, the national system of job placements and a training system to fit men for peace. If the government subsidizes the armed forces and the essential producers of munitions and supplies, these expenditures in turn will mean more demand for raw material, food, clothing, homes and entertainment. This government control to prevent inflation and scarcities can be tapered off gradually. If production and employment are high, financial problems solve themselves.

Certain kinds of private spending will probably be encouraged and subsidized by the government. Housing is the foremost example. The available housing in the country as well as in many cities is inadequate and unsatisfactory. Perhaps homes will be constructed "en masse" in the cities and prefabricated houses erected in the country. New projects, such as the expansion of airports, will be planned. The enormous power plant now under construction in Northern Quebec will give the country districts the benefits of a more extensive supply of electricity. Plans are made to enlarge schools, hospitals and modernize railways, bridges, and highways.

Our Federal and Provincial Governments should embark upon a broader program of social welfare. The needs vary for different sections of the country, the following should be of universal application, health services, unemployment insurance, vocational training, health insurance, family allowances, old age assistance and better nutrition. The Beveridge Plan may be mentioned here as it embodies most of these ideas. It even considers the worthy status of the housewife. Only unity of interest and unity of purpose on the part of every group able to help—business, labour, farmers and government—will enable us to carry out these plans.

The conservation of our natural resources will be the object of a long range program to prevent wastage of Canada's heritage, i.e. in lands, forest, mines and fisheries, and to increase her wealth. We must have wider utilization of our primary resources. Agriculture may be extended through the wider industrial use of farm crops such as plastics, textiles and dehydrated fruits and vegetables. The greater part of the forestry problem can be faced by looking after young growth in territories that have been cut or burned rather than by replanting. The rich oil being extracted from sand cliffs in Northern Canada will still be needed after the war. Such necessary enterprises offer wide scope for employment after the war.

Canada's closed immigration policy of the last twenty years must be changed. Our land was not destined to be a home for only twelve million people. Within our borders, after the war, we can absorb gradually millions of European refugees who can work with us in our industries or create new ones. Already, exiles have established here their unique trades of diamond cutting and pottery making. These peoples will appreciate more than ever the freedom which Canada has to offer and they will work with us to preserve it.

We aim to preserve the liberty, equality, security and unity of the United Nations. Unity in a political sense, equality of opportunity in international trade, security against war and business depression due

to international causes and unity of purpose in promoting the general welfare of the world. Yet we cannot hope to see the final, workable truth clearly now, in stress and turmoil of war. The reconstruction both at home and abroad calls for sacrifices and co-operation from us all.

NANCY MARLOW.

An Unusual Evening

The vivid memory of that mid-December evening has never dimmed. Now, as I write, I can see again as clearly as if it had been yesterday, the wall of driving snow outside; hear again the clatter of hail as it pricked the window. Inside, Dick and I were earnestly discussing such a foolhardy adventure.

It was entirely Dick's idea to visit the place. I remember the icy fingers of fear that crept around my heart when he proposed the plan. He laughed at me then—I can hear his taunting now—he made faces at me and called me a “jelly fish”. Foolishly I allowed my pride to conquer my fear. The “Black House” at the end of the road had two visitors that night.

At half past eight we left home. The night had been black for several hours. The wind tore at our jackets as the two of us crossed the dark field. Then down the long road we went until there, before us, stood the gate—high, forbidding. I think Dick, himself felt some inward pang. But, undaunted, with fingers chilled and stiff, we fumbled with the catch. Groaning heavily, the gate gave way. The house loomed directly ahead.

As we stood before the massive door, my fear slipped away like a phantom through the darkness. A voice of adventure seemed to call me from within. I would not have turned back for all of Dick's entreaties. I can smile now when I think of Dick. Yes, he was afraid; Dick went home without me that night; I entered the house alone.

My curiosity allowed no room for caution. I explored the house from room to room, from closet to closet, from floor to floor until every corner was familiar. It was only then that I became aware of the eeriness that prevailed the whole atmosphere. The rooms were large, the ceilings high. A dusky dampness, intangible, seemed to chill the very soul—and I was alone in this great place. Outside the snow murmured, the eaves troughs creaked, the trees stretched white arms into the vast darkness of the sky. The story of the place came back to me then, a foolish story perhaps, but one that I remembered with awful

awareness. I stood staring with horror at the staircase. There, the story said, many years before, the old retainer had been found hanged, the rope tied to the bannister at the thirteenth stair.

Here my memory fails me. My manner of departure I do not know. But I do remember the hectic flight up the long road and across the field, the nightmarish dash that ended at my own front door.

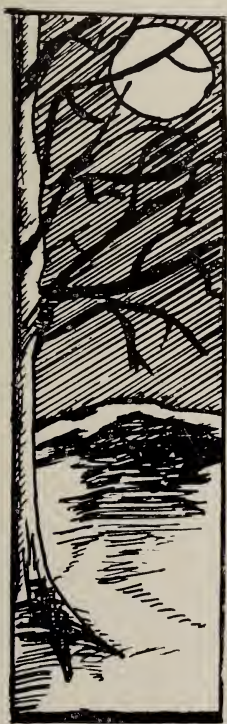
Yes, I smile when I think of that evening—so frightful then, so foolish now. How clearly it all comes back to me! I wonder why I never returned to the house.

ORDE SKEELES

EVENSONG

I sing of warm immeasurable days,
When up the gleaming river in the
haze

The ponderous heron flaps on
heavy wing;
And of the drone of sun-sequest-
ered bees



From some far distant shadiness
of trees

I sing.

Yet, when the thirsty cattle wend
their way
Here, from their pastures at the
close of day,
And the smooth pools are ringed
with ripples fine,
A silence falls about the drowsy
herds,
A song more beautiful than any
words

Of mine.

For then, as eve her cooling finger
draws
Across the furrowed brow of earth,
a pause
Falls quietly as the dew on
grasses long—
Music too faint for human hear-
ing's reach;
This is the poetry of earth, her
speech,

Her song.

HONOR PASS.



ATTENTION, FIRST AIDER!

Lady, if you see me lying
On the ground and maybe dying,
Let my gore run bright and free;
Don't attempt to bandage me.

While there's life, there's hope, so
pet,
Don't apply a tourniquet;
Do not give for my salvation
Artificial respiration.

Do not stretch my bones or joints,
Do not press my pressure points;
If queer symptoms you should see,
Don't experiment on me.

If I'm suffering from shock,
Take a walk around the block;
If you must be busy, pray,
Help to keep the crowds away.

So whatever my condition,
Phone at once for a physician;
From First Aid I beg release,
Lady, let me die in peace!

MARJORIE FLANIGAN

Remember, even if we get the
best of the Japs, we won't have
much.

SONNET

Do not wish to be old. You who
are young
Can't see the inspiration of your
hope
To an age-weary world; for now
among
Our youth we look for leadership.
The scope
Of all this world is yours to con-
quer now.
Think, work, and give your gay
and valiant youth
To guide this unsure kingdom,
though it bow
Your back with the harsh burden.
Then, in truth
You may be proud and earn the
still content
You cannot know, till you have
given that trait
That you now curse, your youth,
and you have spent
Your gaiety and valour all away
In service. Then the calm you
envy so
Achieved, you will wish to regain
youth's glow.

PAT HANSON



LES MERVEILLEUX TRAMWAYS DE TORONTO

Le premier jour que j'étais à Toronto, je suis retournée de l'école en tramway. J'ai dit gaie-ment au conducteur :

—Bonjour Monsieur. Combien pour St. Clair?

—Vingt-cinq cents, m'a-t-il répondu. Voici les billets.

—Merci bien, ai-je répondu, en laissant tomber l'argent dans la boîte.

—Ma foi, s'est écrié le conducteur vexé, c'est la boîte à tickets, ce n'est pas pour l'argent. Ah ! que de stupidité. Que de tracas !

—Oh ! je vous demande pardon, me suis-je récriée, c'est mon premier voyage. J'ai pris les quatre billets et me suis précipitée vers la banquette.

J'étais assise tranquillement, regardant les bâtiments et les autres voyageurs, quand une voix de tonnerre a rompu le silence.

—Revenez ici. Vous n'avez pas payé.

—Mais si, ai-je répondu indignée, j'ai payé vingt-cinq cents que j'ai mis dans la boîte à tickets. Vous ne pouvez pas me tromper.

—Ma petite fille, fit le conducteur impatientement, ça n'est pas assez. Je demande aussi un billet.

—Mais pourquoi ? J'ai payé vingt-cinq cents, n'est-ce pas Monsieur ?

—Oui, oui, petite entêtée, mais

donnez-moi aussi un billet et pas de discussion.

Les autres voyageurs s'amusaient à mes dépends, et moi je devenais rouge comme une tomate. Enfin, j'ai compris. J'ai cédé le billet et je suis retournée à ma place en silence.

Lorsque nous sommes arrivés à St. Clair, j'ai voulu descendre, et j'ai attendu que le conducteur ouvre les portes. Malheureusement les portes restaient fermées, et j'ai crié plaintivement :

—Monsieur, s'il vous plaît, je dois descendre. Veuillez ouvrir les portes.

Un voyageur a insinué :

—Mettez le pied sur la marche, ma petite.

La porte s'ouvrit comme par enchantement.

Après avoir oublié tous mes livres sur la banquette, et être tombée sur le trottoir, je suis arrivée un peu découragée chez ma nouvelle gardienne.

—Et vous aimez nos tramways ? a-t-elle demandé avec bonté, n'est-ce pas qu'ils sont merveilleux ?

—Sans doute, ils sont merveilleux, ai-je dit, mais pour ma part, je les trouve absolument affolants.

DOREEN MARTIN.

ISALINE

Je n'avais jamais rencontré de Française. Par mes livres d'école, je m'imaginai les Français étranges, incompréhensibles, comme leur langue que je trouvais si difficile, un peuple qui ne pouvait sen-

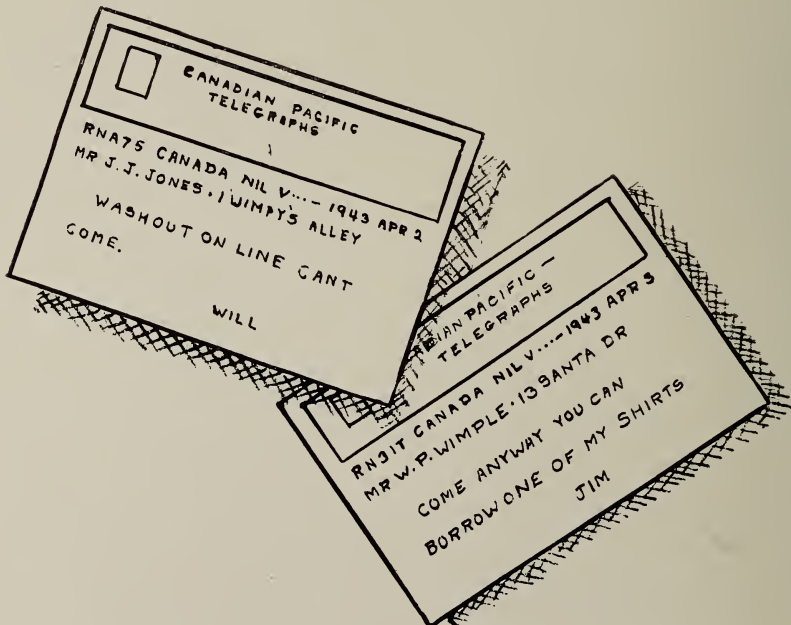
tir comme nous. Puis, j'ai rencontré Isaline. C'était par une après-midi de chaleur étouffante, au sud des Etats-Unis. Parmi les jeunes Américaines, insouciantes, exhubérantes qui étaient autour d'elle, Isaline semblait pensive. C'était une jeune fille élancée, aux cheveux noirs, aux yeux bleu-jacinthe. On aurait dit peut-être à première vue qu'elle était gauche, mais elle était seulement mûrie par ses expériences passées. Elle se rappelait les enfants aux yeux grand ouverts qui criaient d'effroi sur les routes de France en 1940, et les femmes aux joues creuses et pâles qui les tenaient par la

main. Elle avait connu la terreur et la mort.

J'ai passé un jour dans sa famille; je crois que je n'ai jamais rencontré de gens plus paisibles et plus affectueux. Je revois encore son père, Français typique, militaire, bronzé, taciturne, et sa soeur Henriette, mince et vive comme un oiseau.

Bien que je ne connaisse de la France que la ligne bleue de l'horizon au delà de la Manche, Isaline m'a un peu révélé l'âme de son pays et, grâce à elle, je le comprends mieux. Et ce que l'on comprend, on aime.

BRIDGID HAYDON.





Form IV

The Brutality of a Disease

I never believed, until a few weeks ago, that dreams had any foreboding of the future. But now that the terrible experience I went through is over, I can bring myself to write down the events that made me change my mind.

Three months ago I had a dream that at the time seemed to be of no significance. I dreamt that I was standing on a grassy mound looking down at a lake. An upturned paint-box and a rare yellow flower lay on the shore. My second picture was of a path that wound upwards through pines to the top of a hill. On the track lay the same yellow blossom that now was beginning to fade and droop. In my last dream the surroundings were blurred, and I could only see a stone slab on which lay, wilted and almost dead, the yellow flower. Then I saw a man stretch forth his hand to pick up the blossom and crush it. I tried to save the flower, but felt unable to move; I saw his fingers close over it—then I awoke. Of these three separate pictures the rare flower seemed the only connecting link, and I soon forgot the dream.

I was planning to go with my wife to Switzerland to spend six weeks at a mountain chalet which had been built on a small lake, and was surrounded by low, rocky hills which fell away on the other side in long, steep precipices.

During our stay the only people with whom we grew really friendly were Mr. and Mrs. Weeper. They had one boy of about ten years who promised, when older, to be a wonderful artist. The only other man with whom I struck up an acquaintance was a person called Hawker. He and I often went fishing together, and he would tell me weird stories of Africa. I got the impression he was somewhat overwrought, as he occasionally would try to snap his rod, or wring the necks of the fish he had caught, but these moments soon passed.

We had been there about five weeks when I fell sick, and instead of accompanying my wife and the Weepers on a walking tour, I remained behind with the Weeper's boy, Chris, who was left in my care.

After lunch that day I felt sleepy, and leaving Chris at the lake with his paint box, I went to my bedroom. When I awoke I immediately went to see if Chris was all right. I mounted the grassy knoll which hid the lake, and saw below me on the shore, an upturned paint box, but no Chris. When I could not find him at the chalet, I became worried and started to call him. After ten minutes' useless shouting, I started up the path that led to the top of the valley.

I rounded a curve in the track, which wound upwards through pines, and I saw a sight which made my heart stand still. There on the grassy track lay Chris bleeding and bruised, as though he had been thrown many times at the trees, many of which bore blood on their barks.

Over the boy stood a man so terrible that I hardly recognized him as the same person with whom I had fished so often. Even as I watched he picked up and flung the child at the trees. The body rebounded and lay motionless at his feet. Before he could stoop again to throw the boy, I was upon him. He turned towards me, madness in his eyes, and death in his hands. I tried to strike him, but he threw me to the ground before I could drive my blow home.

He then picked us up and dragged us both out onto the summit of the hill. There he hurled Chris onto a stone slab and turned his attention to me. I hope I will never see a sight again like that of the boy's body. His face was raw, bashed and bleeding; his features hardly distinguishable.

The maniac stood above me pondering what to do. I understood his motive. He was going to throw the child over the precipice and he was afraid I would hinder him. Suddenly he hoisted me into the air and threw me several times on the ground. The stones cut me, and the pain made me nearly unconscious. When he was sure that I was powerless to prevent his evil motive, he turned once more to the boy. As he stretched forth his hands to clutch Chris' body my dream came back into my mind.

I remembered how I had been powerless to prevent my dream man from seizing the flower. I realized that the dream had been a warning of this tragedy. The rare yellow flower was Chris, the remarkable young artist. His paint box and the surroundings of the chalet were the same as the ones of my dream.

These thoughts had occupied the moment during which the raving man had lifted the boy above his head. I tried to struggle to my feet, but my legs were broken, and even as he threw Chris' body over the precipice I sank back numbed with pain. In the silence that followed I could hear the body far below, bounding from rock to rock, and then all was still.

When I came to, many hours later, I was back in the chalet in bed. As soon as I could, I told my wife everything, and she in turn told me what she knew. The man had been found dead near the lake, and an inquest had been held.

A tumour was discovered on his brain, which had been growing there for many months. The pressure so caused had first driven him to kill the young boy, and then it had killed him. During the last hours of his life he was not responsible for his actions. When the Weepers discovered the fate of their child, they left the Chalet at once. I only remained, and with me remained the horror of hearing and seeing a young lad bruised, wounded, and killed before my own eyes.

BARBARA BROWNE.



"I think being a Perfect must have gone to more than Jeannie's Head!"

FORM III

Let Us Not Forget

There was a shuffle throughout the House, and necks were craned in all direction as people murmured "which door?" Suddenly the center door opened and the heads turned toward it. Would it be a portly senator with a broad smile wrinkling his face or merely a lanky newspaper reporter, arriving hurriedly, just in time for the proceedings? It was neither. With a slow and regal step, a beautiful, almost fantastic woman, sheathed in a black dress of Oriental cut, passed through the doorway, up the aisle to the steps at the front, and ascended to the Speaker's rostrum. Wave upon wave of applause welcomed her, a glowing tribute to a remarkable woman. When silence came, turning to the microphone she began in a lovely, precise voice to speak to the people of America.

As she spoke, her face followed her words in expression and her voice lent strength and passion to her speech, which pled for her country and her people. To the watching audience she was making a great and moving address; but, though she gave no sign of it, her thoughts were travelling back over the years, skipping helter-skelter over events long past and people now gone forever, wandering, reflecting——

She recalled as though it had not been before her birth, a certain night with the sky painted a thick black and the moon only a scratch and the stars pricks in the lacquer. Blue water in the harbor quietly kissed the wharves and the ships were shadowy grey. There was no one near to notice when another shadow crept up to one of the boats and seemed to melt into her dark hull. When the dawn came one more ship had left the city and with it one more young boy, who, stowed away below deck, had left life with his uncle and a future as a wealthy shop-keeper, for an education and freedom. That boy her father

A light summer breeze floated through a Southern town, whispered to the green tree-tops, caught the neat rope hammocks hanging in many a garden and swung them in the shade. These hammocks were the pains-taking work of the same young boy, who sold them to earn

money to help pay for school, college and his way back to his native land to preach Christianity. Each flimsy hammock was a stone of a building; the building, a missionary and a teacher, who later became one of the leaders and makers of his country

Another face rose before her eyes, one here no more, which symbolized all that was dearest and finest, a face which she loved, her mother's. Happy days spent with her brothers and sisters were linked with that face. Devotion shone from that countenance, devotion not only to her family, but to the larger cause; and courage lighted it, even after the father's death, a courage which kept life going resolutely onward for them all

In the rostrum, the almond-eyed woman's hands clenched as she spoke of her tortured country and cried out for aid from America. This America, her second home, where she had spent her schooldays, flashed across her memory. There had been the newspaper which she and three friends had made, selling copies to the older girls at the college for precious nickels. There had been the sorority that they had formed so as to be as much like the older girls as possible. There had been vacation with her friends and strange studies, amazing clothes and a new language. There had been the forgetting of her own tongue and the painful lessons which she had taken to learn to speak it fluently once more. There had been the feeling of having *two* countries, *two* native languages, *two* homes, one the most modern in the world and the other where time stopped centuries ago

The Generalissimo takes a wife—telephones rang furiously, telegraph wires hummed, cables crossed oceans and newspapers flashed across the front pages of the world. With marriage came trips through many countries, fresh duties in helping to create a united nation from the old disunity, honor in her position, and danger in it, too. Finally catastrophe—invasion and war

"Let us not forget that for more than four years my people stood alone"—the voice rang out. "My people," centuries of brown hands placidly tilling the soil, brown feet wading through the rice fields, year upon year until all track of time was lost; being born to the land and living and dying without ever leaving it; treasuring the earth, fighting to keep it when the occasional aggressor attempted to take it—but usually just turning the yellow clays and black loam over and over, producing food so that one could eat and the Emperor could live in luxury and splendor

Now, war, and men who loved the land and lived for it—and would die for it; men who chattered and laughed and fought like Demons in

any fight which gave them a decent chance to fight back, men who died with the most incredible bravery. Nevertheless, always retreat, for they had been a peaceful nation, which had not the equipment to meet the cruel weapons and impenetratable armour of the enemy. Somehow, though, even against the fiercest onslaughts of the enemy, they never quite gave in, always holding out until the last man, so that now, after five and a half years of war, they were still holding out.

The speech was over. Once more, the audience clapped and cheered her, but this time it was as if they could see, standing behind her, the noble peoples of her country who were fighting to keep that which had been theirs since almost the beginning of time. Let us, too, never forget.

MARY ALICE BURTON.

THE LIGHTHOUSE

The old white lighthouse stood on the wall	Instead of a sail on a deep blue lake,
And stared at the boats as they glided past,	With laughing girls and white spray flying,
And thought of the difference a year had made	They watch from the deck of a grey corvette
To their crews since she had seen them last.	With not a sound but the seagulls crying.

In August of nineteen-forty-two	If only that light had wishes to grant
Young boys sprawled on a green- decked yawl	And could give me one for the years to come,
And laughed and jumped for a back stay line;	I would look ahead and dream for the time
But now those lads have received their call.	When they will be home—their job well done.

MADELEINE WINDEYER



Prefects

HEAD GIRL



Pat Stockton

We attribute the success of this year to the fine leadership of our head girl. Pat is a true friend on whom we can always depend. We know that success will follow her wherever she may go. "The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good."

Positions held: Head Girl, Honorary President of Beta Kappa, Honorary President of Opheleo, Honorary President of Inter School Christian Fellowship.

Flavia is continually kept busy with something, such as being our representative in "What's the Answer" and rushing around looking after the art for the Slogan. She can always answer any question that is asked.

"Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil

O'er books consum'd the midnight oil?
While words of learned length and
thundering sound

Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd
around."

Positions held: Slogan Editor, Assistant Librarian, Music Representative in Symphony Junior Council.



Flavia Elliott



Doreen Martin

Dor is one of our best actresses and writers. She is kept busy with all these subjects and keeping everyone amused. By listening to Dor we gather that she will either be an M.P. or a singer.

"A character right royal that stands the highest test."



June Whitehead

June is a familiar figure around the school and is known for the smile she has for everyone and everything. She is a staunch supporter of the Ross Clan and will be greatly missed next year.

"Knowledge is more than equivalent to force."

Position held: Music Representative in Symphony Junior Council.

Orde has been at Branksome for six years and during that time has excelled not only in her studies but in athletics, dramatics and public speaking.

"Blessed with each talent and each art
to please

And born to write, converse and live
with ease."

Position held: High News Representative.



Orde Skeeles



Joan Adams

Joan has been a hard and conscientious worker as the President of the Beta Kappa. All the projects that she has attempted have been a great success. She is leaving us for the West, but we know that she will make many friends who will like and appreciate her as much as we do.

"A fair exterior is a silent recommendation."

Position held: President of Beta Kappa.

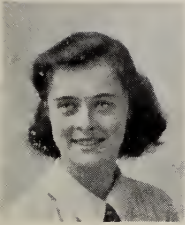
Marg is the person you turn to when you want something done. She is always willing, and her enthusiasm knows no bounds. She is a talented violinist who has done much for the quartette this year. She also excels in sports and is the best guard on the first basketball team. Besides all this she is A1 in her work.

"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."

Position held: Head Girl at Sherbourne House.



Margaret Capener



Kathleen Hinch

Always hurrying, always laughing, great on dramatics, a real credit to the school, a good head, enough said!

"She is not only witty in herself, but the cause that wit is in other men."

Positions held: Treasurer of Opheleo, President of VB.

"Jo" is one of the most cheerful girls in the school. Her wonderful sense of humour and willingness to help makes her a valuable prefect. Everyone, but particularly the boarders, will miss her next year.

"The mirror of all courtesy."

Position held: President of Commercial Class.



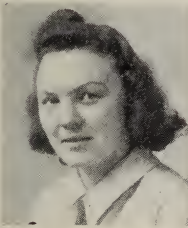
Joanne Edmonds

"Smitty" has done much in her two years at Branksome. Either in after-dinner speaking, fashion show announcing or canvassing for the Red Cross we find her right in the front line.

"When I'm not thanked at all, I'm thank'd enough

I've done my duty and I've done no more."

Position held: President of Opheleo.



Betty Smith

For six years Branksome has found Nancy a good friend and a staunch supporter. It will be hard to forget her cheerful face as she encourages us to "Buy War Stamps". She hopes to be sworn into the Wrens soon and we wish her the best of luck. Those about her

"From her shall learn the perfect ways of honour."

Position held: Head of War Stamp Committee.



Nancy Trees



The Silkworm's Rival

Louis Pasteur, the world-famous French Scientist, lived in the 19th century. His life was devoted to research, largely by proving the part played by microbes. This great contribution to science is well known throughout the world but few know that he was indirectly responsible for the manufacture of that indispensable article of today—Rayon!

In the middle of the Nineteenth Century, the manufacture of silk was France's chief industry. Therefore, one can imagine the fear and grief of its people when an epidemic of gigantic proportions spread through the silkworms, causing thousands of them to die daily.

A council met in Tours in 1865, and it was suggested that some great Scientist be brought there to find the causes of the epidemic. Naturally, the man agreed upon was Pasteur, who was considered the world's greatest living scientist. Pasteur agreed to come to Tours, although he admitted that he knew nothing whatever about sericulture. The following conversation between him and the naturalist, Henri Fabee, clearly illustrates this fact.

Pasteur went to Fabee as soon as he reached Tours, and asked to see the cocoon which he understood the caterpillar formed.

Fabee handed him one and Pasteur, shaking it near his ear, said with surprise, "Why it makes a noise; there is something inside."

Fabee explained that it was the "chrysalis" or "sort of mummy into which the caterpillar changes before becoming a moth."

"And has every cocoon a Chrysalis inside it?" asked the astonished scientist.

"Obviously," replied Fabee; "it is to protect the Chrysalis that the caterpillar spins its cocoon."

"Really." said the great man, humbly.

Pasteur took with him his young assistant, the Count Hilaire de Chardonnet. The latter became intensely interested in the making of silk and when Pasteur, having stamped out the epidemic, was returning to Paris, he suggested that Chardonnet remain in Tours to try to discover a means of manufacturing silk artificially. They thought that there might be some method of doing so, whereby the people would not have to be dependent on the silkworm and would not starve if another disease should occur. It would also be much less expensive to use.

Chardonnet began his experiments by analyzing the caterpillar of the silk-worm moth in all the stages of growth, as well as the leaves and wood of the mulberry tree on which it feeds. He discovered that Cellulose was the necessary substance for the manufacture of silk, but it took many years of labour and research to perfect the process of manufacturing. The Cellulose was derived from grinding up wood of the mulberry trees and then treating it chemically so that a gummy substance was made which could be stretched and spun.

In 1891 Chardonnet organized a little company and the business of manufacturing artificial silk began in France.

In the meantime other scientists (particularly the Englishman Sir Joseph Swan) had become interested in the textile problem and by the turn of the new century the industry increased by leaps and bounds. Within a few years the United States alone was producing twenty-five million pounds of artificial silk a year.

In 1924 the Department of Commerce in the United States adopted the name "Rayon" for this new textile. The name was most apt, being derived from the French "Rayon" meaning "Ray of Light."

It is difficult to prophesy the future of Rayon. Yesterday it was used only as an alternative for silk; today, as real silk is almost impossible to procure owing to war conditions, we find Rayon already having a part in practically every type of fabric.

BARBARA HARGRAFT.

THE OLD OAK

The storm raged. It shook the mass of leaves until the branches of the Old Oak shrieked and groaned. It let loose heavy rumbling claps of thunder and jagged lightning, but the old tree stood there immovable, crooked, aged, a little bowed down with care, sheltering bedraggled birds and small

animals which cowered on the grass beneath. Rain crashed through the clouds and the world was dark and heavy. The Old Oak stood there, stout and majestic protecting the weak, fighting the cruel selfish impacts of the storm, letting the troubles and cares of the world slide off its glossy leaves.

That Oak Tree is England—a small island in the stormy world, promising shelter to those who want it, and standing forever against injustice, slavery, and merciless cruelty until once again the golden sun of peace shall be reflected in every leaf.

ERICA CRUIKSHANK

With magic wand by magic stroke
Bid them for day prepare.

The sun climbed a golden stairway
Into the morning blue,
And dawn gave birth to the shining day
Of hope and life anew.

PEGGY deROUX

NATURE

THE AWAKENING OF SPRING

The tired moon sank behind a hill,
The sky began to light,
The sun peeped out, and all was still

In farewell to the night.

The heavens became a golden glow,

The birds began to sing,
The fields and woods basked below
In the glory of the spring.

As one, the forest beasts awoke,
As if some fairy fair

A little bird upon yon tree
Is singing sweetly as can be,
Swinging, singing, trilling, while
His soft notes my heart beguile.

There is laughter in the trees,
And the gentle summer breeze
Seems to chase our cares away,
Isn't this a happy day?

Pansies lift their winsome faces
In the cool and shady places;
And beneath the old oak hory
The iris flaunts its purple glory.

PEGGY HOWARD





The Ride of The Storm King

The Spirit of the Storm, high in his airy palace sculptured of marble-white clouds, and seated on a huge throne composed of a thunder-cloud; muttered to himself:—

“Its time those mortals experienced another storm both on land and sea. The weather has been far too good for a month or two now. I’ll give them a little taste of myself clothed in thunder and sleet, snow and icy rain, and show them what the spirit of the cloud and storm really can do. Guards, bring me my fiery chariot and those new storm horses of mine.” The Spirit of the Storm, a jolly old fellow if you looked at him the right way, spoke to some black elves lounging round a cloud pillar. They each jumped on an invisible shaft of swift wind and rode away. The old monarch paced up and down a large carpet made of angel’s wings and put on a huge suit of spun thunder. Then he hastened to his storm horses. He mounted his chariot, took his reins (made of the best fork-lightning material) and drove off with his lightning whip in his hand.

The thunder rolled and the lightning flashed over hill and dale that night, and not many people knew that it was merely the spirit of the Storm with lightning as his whip to touch his storm horses. The sleet and rain came down in torrents and then froze, and again not many people knew that it was just the elves touching the rain with their magic fingers and transforming everything into a world of sparkling ice for the sun to shine on next morning.

Far above a fiery chariot slashed through the clouds on, and on, towards the sea. There the sleet stopped and changed to icy rain

pouring down in streams into the raging ocean, stirred up by the sea sprites who were working in collaboration with the spirit of the storm. I don't expect you will believe me when I say that the sea-sprites were deliberately trying to make it hard for some ships wending their way through the ocean. I don't see how the sprites could do it, but I suppose the war had not stirred up any patriotism in their little hearts.

The Spirit of the Storm sped onwards, not satisfied yet with his work. He travelled to Europe and dropped a horrid fog over the English Channel so the Heinies could not come and bomb London; then he rushed on to Siberia and caused a howling wind to whip up over the plains of Mongolia which tore several villages up by the roots. Then he thought he would visit the Pacific and he manufactured a hurricane to visit desert islands and carry shipwrecked mariners to civilized countries on the wings of the wind. Having gone nearly around the world he dashed down to South America and dropped a visiting card there, in the form of a jungle monsoon or typhoon or whatever it is. This practically satisfied the old sinner so he ran up to his abode in the stratosphere in quite a refreshed state of mind which pleased his servants and friends greatly.

And I hope it pleases you too, because that's the end of my tale except to say that I hope you now know what lightning is and that you will not be frightened when a big storm comes up again. Remember, it's only the Spirit of the Storm on a little joy-ride.

LUCY DECK.



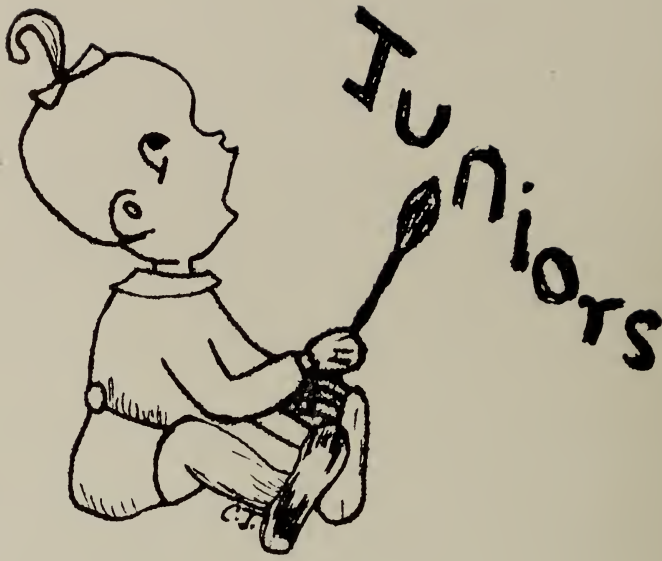
DER FUHRER'S BIG MISTAKE

From Kronstadt to famed Vladivostock,
 From Petrograd to Samarkand,
 Come victorious Russian soldiers,
 And daring Red Guerilla Bands.
 From the meadows and the hillocks,
 Watered by the quiet Don,
 Ride the Cossacks led by Stalin,
 Who proved themselves in days bygone.
 They fight for freedom, peace, and labour,
 And their homes so dear to them.
 Never were there finer horsemen
 Than the dashing Cossackmen,
 With flashing knives, and clashing sabres,
 On piebald steeds they fought of old,
 And then when Hitler's hords invaded,
 And tried to take their fields of gold,
 They advanced upon the Germans,
 And fought with dauntless courage, bold.

But when the Fuhrer's reinforcements
 Swarmed like locusts up their hills,
 They burned their crops before retreating,
 And Hitler's troops had empty mills,
 And few supplies, to last them through
 The bitter winds, and winter snow.
 Then Voroshilov led his armies
 Through weather sixty-four below,
 And the so-called master-race,
 Collapsed beneath the ice and snow.
 In April all the frost had melted
 And liquid mud did take its place;
 Then German troops and armoured tractors
 And tanks moved at a snails pace,
 Although it slowed the Red offensive,
 It stopped the Nazi counter-thrusts.
 May victory soon be won in Russia,
 And Hitler's armies ground to dust.

SHEILA CRAIG





The Mackenzie River

It was in the year 1779 that a young Scottish boy by the name of Alexander Mackenzie was working as a clerk in a Montreal fur trading firm called, "The Little Company." Later he was sent to Fort Chipewyan on Lake Athabaska to obtain more furs. He found that life grew dull at the Fort as trading was very slow, so having read a great deal about Peter Pond and his discoveries he decided to form an expedition of his own. He worked hard to gather together a small group of people to join him on his journey, and his party set out on the 3rd of June, 1789, leaving the Fort in the hands of Mackenzie's cousin, Roderick Mackenzie.

The journey was long and dangerous as their bark canoes were hard to manage against the winds and ice, and at times long portages were necessary. It was on June 29th that they found the entrance to the river that is named after him and is now known as the Mackenzie River. Continuing along the course of the river which, at times, ran parallel to the Rocky Mountains they discovered the river to be widening, and on climbing a high peak of an island, Mackenzie saw the Arctic Ocean stretching before him. After erecting a post on an island, which he

named Whale Island, they turned back and reached Fort Chipewyan on September the Twelfth, having travelled 3,000 miles in 102 days.

Other fur traders and explorers followed Mackenzie and set up other fur trading posts along the bank of the river. The Indians used to trap the animals during the long winter months, and when the ice broke in the spring would bring them to the trading posts. The white men brought provisions and firearms to the posts and traded them for the Indian's furs. The furs were then sent to the cities and towns to be sold. Later on, the country around the river was found to be rich in petroleum, natural gas, and coal, and to-day radium is being mined. These industries brought many people to the surrounding country, and so the discovery of the Mackenzie River has been very important in the opening up of the North West Territories.

CHARMIAN BOOTHE



MY FRIENDS

I hear the birds up on the trees
Singing their beautiful songs,
I listen to them sing to me
All day long.

When night draws near they go to
sleep
In their cosy little nests,
And here and there a little bird
peeps
To see me down at rest.

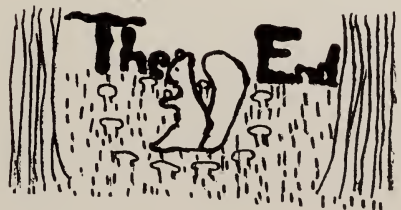
At last the next day comes once
more
And I am sound asleep,
But the birds come back and knock
at my door
Saying their tweet-tweet-tweet.

NAOMI de LANGLEY

BIRDS

I love to hear the birds,
Away in the trees so high.
They always seem to sing their
best
When I go passing by.

WENDY McLAUGHLIN





BASKETBALL

First Team

Captain: Ruth Beynon.

Team: Orde Skeeles, Elizabeth Capener, Margaret Capener, Jean Plaunt, Betty MacMillan, Jane Drummond, Helen DeJardine.

This year at Branksome we had an amazing number of excellent Basketball players, and Miss Gunsaulus found difficulty in choosing the teams. At first Jane Drummond was a member of the Second Team but she proved her ability at the game and before long joined the First Team. Of course, Ruth Beynon, a basketball star for five years at Branksome, was playing better than ever to the last shot. Orde Skeeles on the basketball court appeared to be only a red streak, for she was here, there, and everywhere at the same time. The Capeners with their excellent jumping and clever passing, added

their skill to the outstanding plays. Jean Plaunt, a powerful defenseman was ever on the alert and kept the team in order with her varying commands, such as "fire". Betty MacMillan, a star forward, by her sly plays always managed to get past her guard.

Although our team did not win many games from Havergal or Bishop Strachan, they covered themselves with glory through sportsmanship and fair play.

BADMINTON

Badminton has always been one of the school's most popular winter sports. Each year we have our own tournament which promotes a great deal of enthusiasm among the students.

This year we were fortunate in being able to have a Badminton Meet with Havergal and Bishop

Strachan, and in the doubles tied for second place with Havergal.

The tournament at School is not yet completed and it is very likely that before its conclusion we shall uncover some more excellent Badminton material.

TENNIS

Last year, after repeated attempts, the inter-school tennis tournament was finally called off because of the unfavourable weather during the tennis season. This year, however, the Meet was planned for Saturday, May 15th, and was a great success. A team of 12 girls represented each school at Havergal, and after many excellent matches Bishop Strachan proved to have the winning team, while Branksome and Havergal tied for second place.

We are indebted to the English girls at our school for their outstanding leadership in Tennis. As a matter of fact, only one of our team of twelve at the Meet was a Canadian.

SWIMMING

Because of a change in the heating system, Swimming activities this year were considerably curtailed until this Spring. When things got underway the girls made up for lost time and kept Miss O'Neill busy with teaching and supervising.

An interscholastic swimming Meet was held at Bishop Strachan and the team from Branksome Hall proved more than a match for their opponents. With a full season next year, Branksome will look forward to much in the way of water sports.



Branksome Hall Swimming Pool



The man who has not anything to boast of but his illustrious ancestors is like a potato—the only good belonging to him is underground.

Sir Thomas Overbury

A young man was telling his father of his love for an actress whose charms were proverbial. "Dad," he said, "I love her. She is an angel. I adore her and I won't let you breathe a word against her." "Certainly not," his father said mildly, "certainly not. Why, I adored her myself when I was your age."

TEMPER

The temper is a funny thing,
No matter how one views it,
Because, instead of vanishing,
It shows most when you lose it.

They met in a revolving door
and started going around together.

Before I married Maggie dear,
I was her pumpkin pie,
Her precious peach, her honey
lamb,
The apple of her eye;
But after years of married life
This thought I pause to utter,
Those fancy names are gone, and
now
I'm just her bread and butter.

Miss C.: It says in today's paper
that they unearthed an old Roman
prison and found the petrified re-
mains of prisoners.

Star Pupil: They must have been
some of those hardened criminals
you read about.

Miss C.: History test tomorrow,
girls!

General Chorus: OOOOOH!

F.R.: And what about dates,
Miss C—?

Miss C.: I have nothing to do
with your personal affairs.

Mary: I just adore lying in bed
in the morning and ringing for my
maid.

Anne: My goodness—have you
really got a maid?

Mary: No-o, but I've got a bell.



Under the bunch of mistletoe
The homely maiden stands,
And stands, and stands, and
stands, and stands,
And stands, and stands, and
stands.

A dog fills an empty place in
man's life—especially true of the
hot dog.



English Teacher: Billy, correct
this sentence: Girls is naturally
more beautiful than boys.

Billy: Girls is artificially more
beautiful than boys.

Plans to decapitate a prominent
dictator have not, unfortunately,
come to a head.

Second Former: Miss P—, do
you think a person should be pun-
ished for something he didn't do?

Miss P—: Why, no.

Second Former: Well, I didn't
do my homework last night.

The pig is a caution,
He's seldom seen washin',
His grooming, at best, is inferior.
But that doesn't faze him,
He knows we will raise him,
Because of his lovely interior.

Small Daughter: Gosh, Mom, I
almost dropped the mayonnaise.

Mother: If you had, you would
have gotten a good dressing down.



Calendar 1942-43

- Sept. 9th—School re-opened.
 Sept. 11th—Gathering of the Clans.
 Sept. 15th—Fifth Form Picnic.
 Sept. 18th—House Picnic.
 Sept. 23rd—Initiation.
 Sept. 25th—Rev. Bob Munro.
 Sept. 27th—Mr. Andrew Chisholm.
 Oct. 2nd—B. Ball, Old Girls vs. Present.
 Oct. 6th—B. Ball, B.H. vs. H.L.C.
 Oct. 9th—T'giving W.E.
 Oct. 14th—B. Ball, B.S.S. vs. B.H.
 Oct. 16th—Fourth Form Plays.
 Oct. 18th—Dr. Alex. MacMillan.
 Oct. 22nd—B. Ball, Moulton vs. B.H.
 Promenade Concert.
 Oct. 27th—B. Ball, B.S.S. vs. B.H.
 Oct. 29th—B. Ball, H.L.C. vs. B.H. (Jr.).
 B. Ball, B.H. vs. St. Clements.
 Oct. 30th—Masquerade.
 Nov. 6th—Nora Conklin.
 Nov. 12th—Aida.
 Nov. 14th—Week-end.
 Nov. 18th—Installation of Prefects.
 Nov. 20th—Ice Follies.
 Dec. 3rd—Dr. Vinci.
 Dec. 4th—Talent Evening.
 Dec. 13th—Carols.
 Dec. 18th—School closed.
 Jan. 8th—School re-opened.
 Jan. 15th—Skating Party.
 Jan. 17th—Mrs. Renison — Mackenzie River.
 Jan. 21st—Portia White.
 Jan. 28th—Third and Second Form Plays.
 Jan. 31st—Dr. Isaac Page.
 Feb. 5th—Dance.
 Feb. 8th—Miss Dudley — Hong Kong.
 Feb. 12th—Week-end.
 Feb. 18th—Dorothy Maynor.
 Feb. 19th—First Form Plays.
 Altitude 3200.
 Feb. 20th—Hockey Match.
 Feb. 21st—Rev. Mr. Charles.
 Feb. 26th—Second Form Plays.
 Feb. 28th—Movie—Canadian Girls In Training.
 Mar. 2nd—Toronto Symphony.
 Mar. 5th—Dramatic Club Plays.
 Mar. 12th—Ice Capades.
 Mar. 14th—Miss de Meyer.
 Mar. 19th—Week-end.
 Mar. 28th—Mr. Tom Barnett.
 Apr. 2nd—Fashion Show.
 Apr. 9th—"Ces Dames aux Chapeaux Verts".
 Apr. 11th—Mrs. Ferguson, "Norway".
 Apr. 13th—School closed.
 Apr. 28th—School re-opened.
 Apr. 30th—Lux.
 May 9th—Mr. Melvin Donald.
 May 14th—Inter School Tennis Match.
 May 21st—Long Week-end.
 May 28th—Operetta.
 June 4th—Strawberry Festival.
 June 11th—Picnic.
 June 14th—Prize Giving.

The U.S.S.R.

Before I read the Constitution of the U.S.S.R. I always thought that Russia was a country overrun by barbarous tribes with no laws whatsoever. But now I know better. I have learned that the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics is governed under an intricate constitution drawn up for the good of the people.

"The Union of Soviet Republics is a socialist state for Workers and peasants," this is the first article of the 1936 Constitution. "He who does not work shall not eat," is the threat behind this constitution, and indeed the writers of this constitution had no use for idlers with such an immense job, of opening up the vast resources of their country and of educating their vast population before them. The Russian people were so behind the peoples of the democracies that in ten strenuous years they had to equal the progress that the democracies had made in a hundred years of unhurried development.

The Soviet Government has an immense task because of the size of the population (193 million), the different nationalities and the different languages that they speak. "The highest executive and administrative organ of state power of the U.S.S.R. shall be the Council of Peoples Commissars, if you are comparing the Russian Government to the British corresponds to the British cabinet. The Council is elected by a joint session of the Supreme Soviet.

The Supreme Soviet is the highest legislative power. There are two chambers, the Soviet of the Union and the the Soviet of Nationalities. The Soviet of the Union is elected by citizens over 18 years of age irrespective of race, colour, nationality and religion. There is one deputy for every 300,000 of the population. Each house sits for four years and they have to meet twice a year. The Soviet of Nationalities consist of 25 representatives from each of the sixteen republics which form the U.S.S.R. These are elected in the same way as the members of the Soviet of the Union. A bill has to be passed by a majority in both Soviets before it becomes law. At a joint sitting of the two soviets a Presidium (30 member at present) is elected which carries out the duty of a king or president. The Presidium holds meetings of the people at which they can give suggestions regarding important bills. These bills are also printed (referendums) and sent around to each community or soviet for suggestions.

There is only one party in Russia, the Communist Party. You can be in parliament without being a member of the Communist Party

though. To be a member of the Communist Party you have to be elected and then approved of by a special group of Communist people. You are not allowed to be a Christian if you join the party.

The chief judicial power is the Supreme court of the U.S.S.R. The Attorney General is elected for seven years. Each prson has the right to speak his own language in the court and to have an interpreter.

Each constituent republic has its own government based on the Supreme Soviet. Each republic has the right to pass its own laws, but if any dispute arises between the law of the Supreme Soviet and the law of a constituent republic the law of the Supreme Soviet wins.

The Constitution of Russia is designed to get maximum production from the millions of illiterate peasants who live in poverty amid mineral wealth as yet largely undeveloped. The U.S.S.R. is rapidly educating her people for the huge task which lies ahead of them. There is compulsory free elementary education, after that free technical, industrial and agricultural schools give every Russian a chance to learn a trade. Many Russians work in factories producing the tools for agriculture, mining and industry as well as the weapons of war which the state so urgently needs, but food for the immense population must be grown and therefore many peasants still work on the land.

To ensure the equal distribution of land the government has organized a system of collective farming. Each peasant is given a certain grant of land to work and the tools with which to work it. In return for this land the peasant has to sell a certain amount of his produce to the state at fixed prices. If the farmer has any produce left over he can sell it on his own and receive the profit. The only piece of private property that a man is allowed is a small plot of land where he can have a few chickens or a small amount of vegetables. Also "the law allows small-scale private enterprise of individual peasants and hand craftsmen based on their personal labor, provided there is no exploration of the labors of others." The shepherds as well are educated. They are taught how to find the richest kinds of grass for their flocks and to look out for any signs of the presence of any minerals. Then while the shepherds go about their normal work they also help the state and do a bit of prospecting. All men are guaranteed work in the Soviet Union, and payment according to the quantity and quality of their work. These nights are also the same for women.

But the Soviet Government realizes that life cannot go on without any holidays or comforts. The working day is seven hours long. This provides time for additional education as well as for recreation. There is a wide network of saratona, rest homes and clubs serving the needs of the working people. There are several sports facilities and pleasant

parks which are open to all people of the U.S.S.R. Many of the peasants are taught how to read and write during their free time. As well as providing recreation the state also provides all the medical care for the workers. Because women have equal rights with men it does not mean that they have no special medical care during pregnancy and after the birth of a child. They are given pregnancy leave with pay and there is a wide network of maternity homes, nurseries and kindergarten.

Citizens of the U.S.S.R. have the right to material security in old age, and also in case of sickness or loss of capacity to work. This right is ensured by the wide development of social insurance of workers and other employees are also guaranteed annual holidays with pay.

Russia certainly knows how to educate and strengthen her people in a very short time, and today in this struggle for world freedom she is proving to the other nations of the world that she is not behind them in education, war strategy or industry; in fact she is proving herself one of the most advanced countries of the world.

JOAN RIDDELL.



TENNIS AND BADMINTON TEAMS

Back Row—Mary Barnes, Ruth Beynon, Joy Trethewey, Helen De Jardine.

Middle Row—Elizabeth Capener, Sheila McCloughrey, Elizabeth Busk.

Front Row—Elizabeth Falconer, Virginia Goldingham.



THE FIRST BASKETBALL TEAM

*Standing—Margaret Capener, Jean Plaunt, Heler De Jardine, Jane Drummond.
Kneeling—Orde Skeeles, Ruth Beynon, Elizabeth Capener.*



THE SUB-PREFECTS

*Back Row—Honor Pass, Frankie Harrison, Brenda Cruikshank,
Jean Montgomery, Kay Elgie.
Middle Row—Nancy Farnum, Barbara Chase, Lois Landreth, Eve Saunders,
Rosemary Ackerman, Jean Seifert.
Front Row—Jean Plaunt, Evelyn McCormick, Elizabeth Falconer,
Elspeth Abbey, Pat Coulthard.*



THE CLASS PRESIDENTS

*Back Row—Shirley Wilson, Elspeth Fairbairn, Marion Cross, Diana Griffith,
Elizabeth Hearn, Barbara Browne, Ann McCulloch.
Front Row—Frankie Harrison, Kay Hinch, Elizabeth Riddell, Joanne Edmonds,
Kay Deacon, Anne James.*



THE CLAN CHIEFTAINS

*Elizabeth Capener, Virginia Goldingham, Pat Romeyn, Mary Nelson, Ruth Beynon,
Helen De Jardine, Nancy Marlow, Diana Griffith.*

Fish Story

At five o'clock one grey July morning I woke up, yawned, groaned and drifted off again into oblivion. The sound that had stirred me was a whispered,

"Give me that fishing-rod! Where *are* the hooks?" My two obliging brothers had gone out to catch our breakfast.

A few days before, I had been permitted to sally out on the river with the boys. To our universal disgust, I had caught a four-pound catfish, about the only uneatable fish on the river! But I had learned something of the fascination and the thrill of these early morning trips. I had sat in a row-boat nosing through the dim mystery and tremulous shadows of the sleeping river. I had bent to the rhythm of the oars, in time with their friendly creaking. I had seen a lone loon—he with the body of glossiest black and white—rise out of the wet mist and flee before us. Sitting motionless, I had peered long into the dark water, waiting for the wavering shadow that meant a fish below. The oright dawn had spread out its brilliance before me. Yes, I knew part of the reason why my brothers went out morning upon morning, just to fish.

They were coming back now across the water. The greyness, the mist, the bright palette of the dawn, were all vanished. Our cottage was buzzing with morning activity. The boys were landing.

"Have you caught anything?"

"Yes! Two!"

"Wonderful! They're good fishermen, those two."

Ian carried up their prizes: a fifteen inch bass and a twenty-five inch pickerel. Pretty good!

Now, I am not one of abnormally good perceptions, but I saw Ian frowning at Buzz when we asked how the fish were caught, and wondered. They had never got a fish the size of this pickerel before. Ian told in great detail how they caught the bass, making the pickerel still more conspicuous by his unexplained presence.

We ate the fish (fried with plenty of butter—this was last summer, before the shortage) and asked no more questions.

Buzz could not resist the temptation to say, *in a careless off-hand manner*, "We caught two big fish this morning."

"You did? Where?" This from Mr. Barker, an eager devotee of the sport.

"A fifteen and three-eighths inch bass in the Cut, and a twenty-five and a quarter inch pickerel in—in—that little bay close to the Old River," answered Buzz, with an apprehensive look at Ian.

Another neighbour, Mr. Penny, looked up sharply at the mention of the bay. He regarded the boys narrowly.

"How did you kids manage to catch a fish like that?" he demanded. "Well—uh—"

"Boys," called Mummy, "stop talking. We have to go home."

I looked back at Mr. Penny. He was gazing after us with a malignant expression. I remembered that he was a veteran fisherman, famous for his catches.

Now I was determined to find out what had happened that morning. On the way home I bided my time. When we came to the bay of the pickerel:

"It would be easy to put a night-line across that inlet, wouldn't it?" I asked. "Not that anybody ever would—I know it's illegal—but wouldn't it be easy? How many hooks do you put on a night-line? About a hundred?"

The boys assented feebly.

"Do any of the old fishermen put out night-lines?" I queried innocently.

No answer. I was getting warmer.

"Wouldn't it be a joke to come along early in the morning and take their fish off the night-line! It would just serve them right, wouldn't it? But I guess there aren't any night-lines around here."

By this time the boys were reduced to pulp. They mustered spirit enough to agree with my remarks and I let the matter drop.

The next time I went fishing in the morning, I looked for a night-line in that inlet. There was no night-line.

Mr. Penny had taken his warning.

PATRICIA STEWART.

TOMORROW'S TASK

The sunken roof-top of the old red barn,	Drawn there by age and labour.
Suffused in sunlight, bathed in quietness,	There she sat,
Stared on in gaping awe, for by its side	Quiet and sad, with the same patient look
The worn old rocking chair was stirred again,	Of faith unshaken, of defeated pain.
And reddened sunrays glowed upon a cheek	I waited, silent in the evening hush,
Pale, lined with care and with the dignity	And dared not yet disturb her reverie,
	For on her knee the letter lay untouched,

And her dim eyes looked on another world
 Which I knew not; nor could I trespass there.
 The dying sun sank low behind the trees,
 And one last ray fell softly on her hair,
 Turning the white to red, and still she sat,
 Until at last she stirred, and slowly said,
 "I need not read this, for my son is dead.
 I need not read this, for I knew before
 He would fall victim to the hand of war.
 Three years he fought; three years he did not cease
 To wield his weapon for the Prince of Peace.
 He fought for England, and for liberty,
 But most of all, O Christ, he fought for Thee."
 Her blue-gray eyes stopped staring in the clouds,
 And resting them on me, she smiled and said,
 "Rupert, the son I loved so much is dead,
 And we are left below to make more real
 The awful loftiness of his ideal.
 Many have died, whose mighty war is won—
 For you my child, the battle's just begun
 To make a world idealists have dreamed,
 To prove how possible a state which seemed

Impossible can be ; To wield the sword
 Of battle for an even mightier Lord.
 A task, my child, you do not dream how great,
 Of making love stand in the place of hate;
 Of making justice not our human law,
 But laws of God, so that from shore to shore
 World peace may reign, not just for twenty years,
 But for eternity, 'til all man's fears
 Give place to faith, and oh! it can be done
 If only you work hard enough, my son,
 Willing to work, believe, and pay the price
 Of victory, willing to sacrifice
 All you most value for the cause at stake,
 And always, child, to give, and not to take."
 The frail voice broke, and tears fell on her cheek
 Yet still I sat in silence, staring far
 Into the soft light of the Western sky,
 Where on his death bed proud Apollo lay,
 At last defeated by the powers of death.
 The evening breezes whispered in my ear,
 "They died that all men might be free again,
 You must make sure their death was not in vain"

I listened still, and in my heart I The heroes of today have done
 knew their share;
 The fight was on, and what she Tomorrow's children must fulfil
 said was true. their prayer.

DOREEN MARTIN.



THE LARCH WOOD

Mile upon mile across the hill it lies A dark, grim shadow on the pleas- ant land The dead larch wood. Though the wind sighs And roars without, yet undis- turbed they stand, Those stark, grey trunks that once, in a far spring Budded and flowered as do other trees, Bore their soft cones in autumn, and did sing And whisper, played upon by every breeze.	March hare pit-pattered over turf and mound; The squirrels jumped and fell from tree to tree; The wood was filled with gurgles of glad sound, Until befell that awful mystery.
The blackbird sang and warbled all day long; The cuckoo called his old mono- tony; The owl hooted and screeched to drown the song Of the nightingale; the bob-tailed, cottony	The trees are bleak; no leaves above now meet, But underneath dead needle-car- pets, soft, Muffle the sound of frightened, furry feet. A weasel peering fearfully aloft Is terrified by branches, dead and bare, Covered with fungus, rotten and decayed, And edging to his own well-hidden lair, Is safe inside at last, yet still afraid.

PATRICIA HANSON.

The Passing of The Old Year

The glowing sun in all its majesty glided upwards along the ascending path of the heavens. Slowly the brilliant rays peered over the margin of the land. Irradiant pink bathed the snow-covered earth, for the dawn had come again to the world. It was the last dawn of the year. The universe lived, breathed, smiled, and in spite of war was happy. The air moved; the trees murmured; the hills sang.

But in one small corner everything was still. There sat the Old Year, bent, tired, drooping. Hard brown earth formed the floor under his feet. A small jagged boulder was his throne. Slowly, aching, he rose. He must view for the last time the glorious beauty of the morning. A thin, wizened man he was, stooped as if to sweep the earth with that long grey beard that fell from his chin; his wispy legs were hidden by a thin grey cloak that swooped to his ankles; his hands shook as with palsy; with every breath of the wind his feet trembled as if they could no longer cling to the unattractive earth. That day the weary world was his; that night the heavenly clouds would close around him. Peace would be the old man's portion.

Morning gave way to noon, to afternoon, and finally to evening. Still the old man sat. Memories filled his failing mind. His thoughts returned to the spring. Once again he felt the freshness of warming rain, saw the birds arriving from their winter homes, smelt the innocent fragrance of the flowers. He had then been young. His spirit swelled with remembered youth. He felt again the spring grow into summer—summer with all its heat,—sticky sultry, sweltering heat! But he loved the summer. Then came the fall. How the grasping carpet of fallen leaves had tried his aging feet! At last winter had loosed its icy breath, and the world stood crystal-frozen. Ah, his soul was weary, and aching cold.

Night came. The waiting world stood still with bated breath. The old man's eyes grew dim..

"It is the end," said he. Relief was in his voice.

Slowly he raised himself from his boulder-throne. One last look he gave to the earth, then he turned his face to the darkness. Firmly, steadily, he walked into the past.

ORDE SKEELES.



The Library

On "Library Day", March 17th, a shower of upwards of three hundred books was received for the Home for Incurable Children, and a goodly number for the school.

The following have contributed to the Library either on "Library Day" or during the year: Mrs. G. H. Armstrong, Elspeth Abbey, Ruth Alison, Margaret Ambler, Gina Baker, Judith Batten, Beverley Balmer, Ann Beare, Dorothy Boughton, Charmian Boothe, Jane Bowen, Barbara Brown, Shirley Brown, Allison Brown, Johanna Broughall, Elizabeth Busk, Elizabeth Capener, Eve Cassels, Frances Casselman, Ann Cawthra, Nancy Charles, Joan Chalmers, Martha Clarke, Ann Cooling, Brenda Cooling, Marion Cosford, Marion Cobban, Anne Cruikshank, Marion Cross, Mrs. W. A. Dafoe, Frances Dafoe, Lucy Deck, Hazel Dendy, Louise Dobson, Nancy Edmonson, Beryl Everett, Flavia Elliott, Marjorie Flanagan, Beverley Graham, Margaret Godfrey, Audrey Hare, Rose-Margan Hartog, Jane Hamilton, Elizabeth Hearne, Eleanor Hogarth, Genevieve Horton, Virginia Holden, Anne Howitt, Heather Hughes, Patricia Irwin, Ione Jeffers, Caroline Jean, Felicity Jean, Margot Johnston, Sybilla Johnson, Charlotte Keans, Diana King, Sally Kingsmill, Joyce Landon, Patsy Leckie, Gillian Massey, Patricia Marlow, Cynthia Maxwell, Miss McMichael, Althea McCoy, Heather McPherson, Sheila McCloughry, Wendy McLaughlin, Wendy Meredith, Jean Morine, Honor Pass, Jennifer Parry, Hazel Parry, Carol Pendrith, Gail Purdy, Janet Pope, Betty Rackham, Miss Read, Jean Anne Rees, Wendy Rogers, Anne de Roux, Miss Robinson, Eileen Sansom, Elizabeth Scarlett, Maureen Senior, Barbara Jeanne Seal, Ruth Sedgwick, Peggy Seagram, Phillippa Sharwood, Joyce Shone, Miss Shaw, Judith Shobottom, Margaret Simpson, Barbara Simpson, Pamela Conran-Smith, Margaret Smythe, Sally Spence, Aileen Stinson, Barbara Stewart, Patricia Stockton, Mary Watson, Kathleen Watson, Susan Wadsworth, Janet Wallace, Clarita Wardlaw, June Whitehead, Mary Whyte, Nancy Whyte, Mary Winston, Rosalind MacIldowie, Kathleen Watson, Jane Thompson, Nancy Blundell, Johanne Edmonds, Margaret Ambler, Elva Parkinson, Jean Montgomery, Marion McGregor, Clare Wardlaw.

MISS COOMBS.

Opheleo

Owing to the co-operation of all the girls, the assistance of the staff and the friends of Branksome, the Opheleo Society is able to report a most successful year.

During the first term the girls invested \$20,719.00 in War Bonds for the Third Victory Loan, and during the school year they have invested \$200.00 in War Saving Stamps.

In Ramabai Week \$250.00 was collected for the support of our Indian teacher, and Clarebai, our Indian pupil. This sum was made up of money taken in at "Talent Night", money saved by the residence pupils in table expenses, and contributions from the girls and friends.

At the Carol Service the collection amounted to \$100.00, \$50.00 of which was sent to Mr. Munroe for his work among the service men; the other \$50.00 was spent on Christmas presents for needy families.

In February the school collected \$31.00 for the Spanish Relief Fund.

Our biggest effort this year was our Red Cross Drive in March. The girls came back to school one Saturday and contributed \$380.00, their weekly allowance, to the Red Cross. The Sherbourne girls presented a very amusing play; proceeds \$86.00. The junior school also presented



a play and added \$13.10 to the fund. The staff contributed \$100.00. With the help of the Robert Simpson Company the school produced a very successful Fashion Show with proceeds amounting to \$150.00. With the total \$3,564.00 we were able to purchase an Ambulance for the Red Cross in England.

The success of our Red Cross Drive is due in no small measure to the untiring efforts of Nancy Trees.

This year we plan to send \$50.00 for the support of the Branksome Hall Bed in Ludhiana Hospital, India, \$50.00 for the support of our Indian orphan, and \$25.00 to the China Inland Mission.

We are glad to announce that for the second year 1942-43 the sum of \$24,864.00 has already been collected, and we hope that before the end of the school year the total of \$25,089.00 will be reached.

I should like to thank the members of the committee of the Opheleo for their support in these undertakings.

BETTY SMITH.



The Beta Kappa

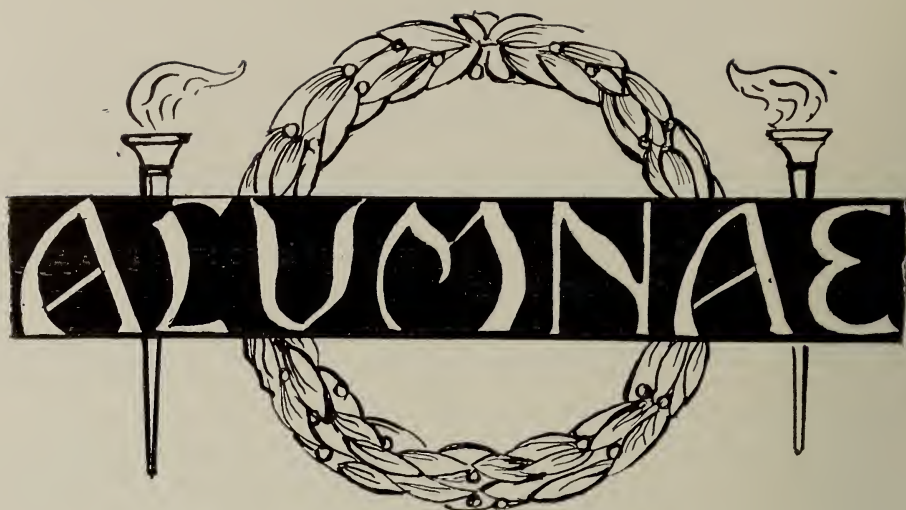
This year the Beta Kappa, under the able leadership of Joan Adams, has had a very successful year.

Among the events of the year were two parties; first, the Halloween party in the form of a masquerade, the staff adding to the fun with their amusing skit; second, the school dance which was a great success in spite of war-time conditions. The hall was attractively decorated by the Robert Simpson Company.

The Beta Kappa cooperated with the Opheleo in the organization of a fashion show, sponsored by Simpson's, which added \$150.00 to the Branksome Hall War Fund.

In every way we have tried to live up to the tradition which has been handed down to us, and we do feel that we have made 1943 an outstanding year in the history of the Beta Kappa.

EVA SAUNDERS



The regular meetings of the Branksome Hall Alumnae Association have been held every Monday throughout the school year, holidays excepted. The attendance has been good and a great deal of work has been accomplished.

Last Autumn two executive meetings were held. Due to absence from the city Catherine Bryans Fallis felt it necessary to resign from the committee and Mary Stuart Playfair took her place.

On November seventh the Alumnae sponsored a most enjoyable concert given in Eaton's Auditorium by Nora Conklin, herself a member of the Alumnae, who made her debut before a New York audience a year previously. Nora has a most lovely voice and everyone was charmed by it and by her choice of songs. She ended by singing "Abide With Me", a hymn which she had so often sung at

Branksome as it is the one which brings to a close the Sunday evening service at the school. We are indeed indebted to Nora for her generous aid in helping us to raise money for our various schemes.

An executive meeting was held in the Spring, in which plans were put forward in the form of motions to be considered by the incoming executive. They are as follows: (1) The Alumnae to take charge of outfitting the men on a small ship. Proposed by Daisy Robertson Gall, seconded by Ruth Hamilton Upjohn. (2) The Alumnae to form a special committee to help the school out with any problems that might arise, in connection with the English children at Branksome. Proposed by Margaret Withers, seconded by Ruth Hamilton Upjohn. Daisy Robertson Gall, Ruth Hamilton Upjohn and Ainslie McMichael



were appointed to nominate the new members of the 1943-44 executive.

The annual dinner given by Miss Read for the Alumnae and the graduating class was held Saturday, May first. After dinner Miss Read gave a most interesting talk and then called on the Head Girl, Patricia Stockton, to say a few words. In her turn Pat called on one of the Perfects, Joan Adams, to give a short resume of the work done by the school in their Red Cross drive to buy a mobile canteen. \$3,564.00 was raised and the vehicle will have "Branksome Hall School" painted on it. Then Honor Pass, one of our English guests, was called on to tell of the work entailed in bringing out the "Slogan", Honor being one of its editors.

Miss Read then introduced the speaker of the evening, herself an old girl, Major Margaret Eaton, who gave us a most interesting and inspiring talk on the work done by the Women's Army Corps at home and in England.

A short business meeting followed. The retiring President, Mary Wardlaw, gave her report. Lily Shannon Plant moved that a special vote of thanks be sent

Nora Conklin for coming to Toronto at her own expense and giving us such a splendid concert, this was seconded by Jean Morton. Margaret Withers moved a vote of thanks to Margaret Eaton. The report of the secretary was then read followed by that of the treasurer, Grace Morris Craig. Daisy Robertson Gall gave her report of the Sewing Department and Gladys Billings Ireland seconded the adoption of all these reports. Irla Mueller expressed the thanks of the Alumnae to Mary Wardlaw for her untiring work as President of the Association.

Daisy Robertson Gall proposed the election of the following officers which was seconded by Shirley McEvoy and carried unanimously:—

Hon. President—Miss Read.

President — Laura Bradfield Stone.

First Vice-President — Donald Macleod.



Second Vice-President — Mary Wardlaw Edwards.

Treasurer—Grace Morris Craig.

Secretary—Jean Rankin Campbell.

Scholarship Convenor — Jean Morton.

Sewing Convenor — Daisy Robertson Gall.

Social Convenor — Florence Kinglsey Bastow.

Slogan Representative — Ainslie McMichael.

Committee — Florence Boyle Robinson, Marnie Milner, Ruth Hamilton Upjohn, Nancy Trees, Joanne Edmonds, Mary Wardlaw, Isobel Coulthard, Margaret Withers.

MARGARET WITHERS,
Secretary.

THE SHEPHERD AND HIS SHEEP

A stretching plain before us lies,
Upon it green wet grass;
There on the plain, a flock of sheep,
Are at a sweet repast.

They seem to be a blotch of white
Against the bright blue sky,
The sun is shining at its best,
And flying birds go by.

A shepherd stands beside his
sheep,

A ruddy lad is he,
For he is only twelve years old,
And just as blithe can be.

A little pup beside him sits,
I think a little collie,
She is brown with long thin ears
They also call her Molly.

This scene moves on, and now the
plain
Stands bare just as before,
Until the shepherd comes again,
To bring his sheep once more.

RUTH FOWLER

CANADA, MY COUNTRY

Canada is my country,
This great Dominion from sea to
sea,
A land that's rich in many things,
Whose people fight to keep it free.

Canada is my country.
From East to West there comes a
call

To everyone within the land
To sacrifice, lest freedom fall.

Canada is my country,
And I must play my full part too,
Because the way I work and live
Will help to build a world that's
new.

LYDIA BENTLEY

Personals

As you all know Miss Read received the degree of Doctor of Laws from Dalhousie University, May 1942. Unfortunately the "Slogan" goes to press in April hence it was only possible to mention the event. Professor H. L. Stewart presented Miss Read for her degree and did so in the following words: "Mr. President, I present Edith MacGregor Read, Principal of Branksome Hall, Toronto, a highly distinguished graduate of this college, whose professional career has fulfilled still more than her early promise. The Senate presents her for honorary degree because of her signal achievement in directing for twenty-five years the work of a great school. Miss Read has been the organizing spirit of Branksome Hall whose educational renown has increased steadily all over Canada, whose advance she still carried further and higher year by year, and whose pupils—present or past—however widely scattered, concur in grateful admiration of her service to them. The Senate feels that as there can be no public duty more important, so there is none in which exceptional and sustained competence, over a period long enough to ensure a reliable estimate, calls more fitly for some mark of academic recognition. These conditions it believes in Miss Read's case to have been abundantly fulfilled. It recalls, too, with pride such notable accomplishment for education, making her school one to quote among examples of many-sided efficiency, by one herself educated here.

For these reasons, in the name of the Senate, I ask you to confer upon Edith MacGregor Read the degree of Doctor of Laws, *honoris causa*.

Ruth Atkinson is attending McMaster and among those in their first year at Toronto University are:—Audrey Angas, Ann Nicholls, Johan Nathanson, Frances McFaul, Jocelyn Hodge, Karen Koppel, Elizabeth Shirriff and Jean Norman who was awarded the Morley Wickett Scholarship in English and History, also Sarah Symons. Sarah has a poem published in the Toronto Junior League magazine for April. All these are in University College. At Trinity are Joyce Cobban, Amy Corrigan, Patricia Hobbs, Alaine Jackson, Sonia Skinner and Anne Law. From this college Barbara Conway graduates this year. Barbara is a member of the St. Hilda's Literary Society and took part in the play "Riders of the Sea" which the Society presented in February. At Victoria are Jean McLachlin and Margaret Wilkinson. Jean Horwill is registered in first year medicine. Joy Mackinnon grad-

uated from Toronto University last June, winning the Prince of Wales Scholarship. She took post graduate work at an eye hospital in New York and has now a position as orthoptic technician in Toronto. Shirley Jackson received the degree of Bachelor of Arts at the Fall convocation of McGill University last October. Nancy Fairley and Betty Gregson are among the first year students of the School of Physical and Health Education, Toronto University. Audrey Miller Naegeli is attending college at Modesto, California. Audrey who is one of Canada's outstanding skaters is also teaching skating.

Two or three weeks after Margaret Eaton, who is with the Canadian Women's Corps, returned from England she was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. Margaret spent four months in Great Britain where she observed the operation and administration of the Auxiliary Territorial Service, the largest women's service force in Britain. During the last month she took the A.T.S. senior officers' course. Margaret gave us a most inspiring and interesting talk at the Alumnae dinner. She is much in demand as a speaker and no wonder. Gwen Prattis is with the C.W.A.C., Toronto and Mona Miller Tomalin is a captain in the C.W.A.C., Vancouver. Katie Clark, cadet officer of this same corps, completed her training late in February at St. Anne de Bellevue as did Katharine Waterman. Kay gave a splendid recruiting speech at the school one morning.

Among those who look smart in the uniform of the W.R.N.S. are Athol Hughes, Pauline Phillips, Nancy Dibblee, Anne and Joan Dobson, Diana Spencer, Jean Crawford Smith, Eleanor Rising, Carol Hendry, Margaret Earl, Mary Bankier—recently posted at Ottawa from Vancouver—and Charlotte Abbott. Jocelyn Baker joined the navy in May after completing her second year at the University of British Columbia from which University Margaret Bullen and Mary Beth Des Brisay graduated this year. Marjorie Hazelwood is an officer in this Service and Mary Stuart Playfair, who was helping to look after the children in Branksome's nursery school during the winter, has also joined the Wrens. Eve Beddow and Susan Davis Hunt, who sailed for England in September, joined the English Wrens and Felicity Peacock, who sailed a month later, is serving with the W.A.A.F.

Those who are serving "that men may fly" are Barbara Rawlinson and Rosemary Kerr who are stationed on the east coast and Joan Ostrander who is with the Precision Squad. Peggy Kingsmill is a recent recruit and Dorothy Hoyle's standing at the university was good enough to permit her enlisting in the Air Force and receive her B.A. degree without having to write the examinations. She is the first

woman to thus obtain her degree at the University of Toronto. Enid Joseph is in the Personnel department of the R.C.A.F., No. 1 depot and Jean Peacock is a secretary with this branch of the Service. Haldane Goodeve, a corporal in the Flying Corps, arrived in England early in February. There was a splendid picture of her snapped by the London, Ontario "Free Press" photographer just before she embarked. She had her duffel bag slung across her shoulder, a broad grin on her face and was just about to bite into an apple when the picture was taken.

Jessie Wright Evans joined the Transport Service of the Red Cross in 1940 as a driver. She has worked up in the ranks until she is now Commandant of this section. Elizabeth Johnston Patterson is a full time worker with this transport and Margery Meier also wears the uniform of the Red Cross. Joyce Tedman Howell is the editor of the "Courier" a paper for Red Cross workers. This paper commented on the fact that Margaret Kemp Meredith's group of workers, which meets at her house twice a week, have not missed a meeting in three years. Mildred Winslow was accepted for overseas duty with the American Red Cross and is now in Cairo, Egypt. Mary Scott Morse is with the Army Service Corps, Niagara Peninsula and Dorothy Harding Sinclair is in England with the Mechanized Transport Corps. Jean Morton has been very busy this winter working in the Women's Active Service Canteen.

Phyllis Becker is now doing work for the soldiers under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A., in Medicine Hat but for a year and a half before taking on this new job she was connected with the Empire Service Club in this same town. The club is open each day from three to twelve o'clock. Besides serving in the club Phyl looked after the placing of boys in Medicine Hat homes or on nearby ranches when on leave. She also shopped for and with them and did a hundred and one things too numerous to mention. Larry Dignum Worthington is a member of the Women's Volunteer Service. She was in charge of the ration books at the centre of the district in which Branksome is situated. Rita Black ably aided by Mabel Russell Davey, was in charge of the Red Cross work done at Branksome's summer school last July.

Moya Macdonald, who is in England with the R.C.A.M.C. Nursing Service, was promoted to the rank of principal matron last July. Ruth Becker Hughes is a dispenser in the Galt Hospital, Lethbridge, during her husbands absence overseas. Constance Nettleton and Janet Davidson are two of the thirteen members of the School of Nursing Alumnae engaged in carrying out the new programme of Public Health which has been introduced in the secondary schools. Jill Kelsey, who grad-

uated in physiotherapy and was working at the Sick Children's Hospital from September to Christmas, is now at Chorley Park. Margaret Angus Hanson and Margaret Campbell Tyson are active members of the Nurses' Aid, Jubilee Hospital, Victoria, and Jane Kelley is a volunteer worker in the hospital at Sydney, N.S. Sally Chapman is in training at the Women's College Hospital and Miriam Perry is at St. Joseph's. Norah Rendell is training at the Vancouver General Hospital. Muriel Sinclair graduates this year from the Sick Children's. Joan Franks is a pupil dietitian at the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal, from which institution Isabel Mackay graduated in May. Jean Hetherington is a receptionist at a hospital in Niagara Falls.

Grace Bone Merritt's husband, who was taken prisoner after the Dieppe raid last August received the Victoria Cross for the very gallant part he played on that occasion. Peggy Hearne Larr's husband, a Colonel in the United States army, who is on General MacArthur's staff in Australia was awarded the D.S.C. for his work in New Guinea last October.

As many of you know Nora Conklin Skitch came to Toronto at her own expense and gave a most delightful recital at Eaton's Auditorium. This was in fulfilment of a promise made by Nora some years ago that she would give a concert in aid of any benevolent scheme of the Alumne and we are indeed fortunate to have something so well worth while for our money raising effort this year. Nora went to Kingston in March and sang at a concert sponsored by Queen's University. In writing about it in the Queen's Review the reporter said: "The young singer showed amazing power and quality of tone throughout the short but varied and interesting programme."

Miss Portia White, who was the artist at the concert sponsored by the Alumnae in November 1941, had the honour of singing at Government House, Ottawa, last March. Those of us who heard her for the first time in 1941 will watch her progress with great interest. In February she was in New York and while there had an audition with Mr. Edward Johnson, the head of the Metropolitan Opera and with the head of the Columbia Broadcasting Co., both predict a brilliant future.

Francean Campbell, who is studying music at Mills College, Oakland, Calif., recently won the Paul Henry Merritt prize for a musical composition for strings and voices. The award is granted annually for graduate composers at the concert of original compositions in San Francisco. This composition also won a prize in the contest of the Canadian Performing Right Society.

Ruth Owen Pook is living in Van Nuys, Calif., Macia Campbell Friedman in San Francisco and Gwendolyn Armstrong Bradey is domiciled in Clifton Springs, N.Y. Ruth McAllister Humphreys is at home in Memphis, Tenn., and Grace Paterson Bell has moved to New Haven, Conn. Betty Flavelle Love is at present in Victoria and Jean Stobie Osler in Nanton, B.C. Sherry Bond Mackie spent the winter in Kingston, Ontario, where her husband was taking a course prior to going overseas. Helen Wilson Ogilvie is also in that town where her husband is on the instructional staff of R.M.C. Dorothy Barber Macdonald is living in Oshawa and Eunice Plant McCullough is sojourning in Kitchener. Betty Harrison Pattison and Grace Wheelwright Keefe are living in Guelph while Betty Wheelwright Pullen is in Halifax. Cecily Taylor Osler is in Truro, N.S. Betty Chambers Pearce in Shelburne and Catherine Meyers McCleary in Kentville, Nova Scotia. Mildred Equi Hsley and Margaret Kilgour Cameron are in Newfoundland at present. Betty Wells Davis calls Ottawa home, Eileen Odevaine Cuthbertson is also in Ottawa where her husband is doing work under the direction of the National Research Council. Beatrice Rough, Roberta Johnston Fraser and Marion McLaren Armstrong have been added to the Montreal Alumnae and Mary Harris Dulmage is in Winnipeg. Barbara Hutton Mortimer has been living in La Orbya, Peru, but spent the winter in Vancouver. Marjory Stapells McQuigge is, for the present, at Dawson Creek, B.C. Elizabeth Alport Baby is living in Carbury, Man., and Mary Macdonald Bell Irving is making her home in Calgary. Emmy Lou Leishman Stares is in Hamilton and Mary Jane Waterman Miller is spending some time in Fredericton, N.B. Dorothy Bryce Johnston is in London and has a position in the Bank of England. Mary McLean Stewart is in Vancouver where her husband is stationed. Peggy Watkins Foster is spending some time in Washington where her husband is posted with the R.C.A.F. Gretta Riddell is living in Wellington and is travelling secretary of the New Zealand branch of the Student Christian Movement. Audrey Hewitt Massey left for the antipodes in June and will make her home in Sydney, Australia.

Jean Ross Mackay and her husband left in January for their new field of missionary service, British Guiana.

Annella Minnes has come to Toronto to live and Jean Gordon Hood, who has been making her home in California, is now in Ontario's capital. Eleanor Mitchell and Eleanor Brooks are also in Toronto, the former with the Red Cross Transport and the latter at Shaw's Business School where Betty Leckie is studying. Margaret Kent McKelvey is taking a secretarial course.

A few weddings which we did not hear about in time to publish them in previous "Slogans" are those of Peggy McRae to Thomas Farris which took place June 1st., 1940, Janet Porteous to Ian Royden MacDougall, September 20th., 1941. Helen Walker to Donald Beaton, June 6th., 1941; Charlotte Ward to Dr. A. F. Hardymont, June 10th., 1941. Kathleen Corke to Dr. Walter J. McCord, March 24th., 1942, he is a Canadian attached to a hospital in Sheffield, they were married in England. Mary McFarland Smith and Ruth Carlyle Powell were also married in England and to Canadians. Inadvertently the announcement of Peggy Moseley's wedding was left out of this year's list, she was married last August to James Robertson Millar.

Molly Morton Flavelle and Mary Glendinning Macleod married brothers of "Old Girls" while Megan McNaughton Lawson married the son of Monica McColl Lawson. Molly is living in St. John, N.B., Mary in Exeter, Ont., while Megan is domiciled in St. Catharines where Monica now lives. Buntz Birkett Miller also lives in that last named town, though at present she is spending some time in Sydney, N.S.

Georgina Scott has been transferred to the British Embassy, Santiago, Chile, after spending some time at the Embassy in Buenos Aires and Joan Hutchinson who is with the British Air Ministry has been moved from Washington to New York.

Suzette Livingston has a position with the McLean Publishing Co., and Pat Ramsey is with Ryrie-Birks. Dorothy Robertson is a secretary at the Red Cross, Isabelle Sheridan Mann has a position with the First National Bank at North Hollywood, Calif. Jean Ross has joined the office staff of the Citizens' Committee for the Troops in Training. Margaret Withers is secretary to a medical doctor, while Diana Phillips, who graduated last June from Macdonald College, St. Anne De Bellevue, has a position at Eaton's. Alison Carpenter is in the Thrift House, Eaton's College St., Store. Isabel Waite is teaching in the nursery school connected with the Victoria Creche and Rosemary Balfour as an assistant at the Dentonia Park Day Nursery which was recently opened by the Dominion and Provincial Wartime Day Nurseries Committee. Janet James has a position in a Brantford bank and Mary Dickson Ringland is in a bank in Vancouver. Zillah Caudwell is with the Manufacturer's Life and is also the advertising manager of the Toronto Junior League Magazine. Beryl Jane Ogden is writing French policies for the Crown Life Insurance Co. Dorothy Strong has a position with the Aluminum Company of Canada, Montreal, Eleanor Collins is with the Underwood Elliott Fisher Co., Toronto and Mary Clay is a legal stenographer in Victoria. Margaret Evans is with the

C.B.C. and her job has to do with net work reports. Diana Hawkins is physical director with the John Inglis Co., Joyce Bertram is teaching gym at Ontario Ladies' College, Louise Mackenzie is at the west end Y.W.C.A., and Joyce O'Neill is teaching at Branksome where Joy Barnes is assistant secretary. Margaret Kroehle is a news broadcaster in the State of Ohio and Heather Forgie, who is now a civil servant, has a position at Petawawa. Babette Dunham Gourley is a librarian at the Royal Victoria, Montreal. Lucy Bennett is the latest addition to the life membership roll of the B.H. Alumnae.

Shirley Halsted is a member of the Ice Follies which appeared at the Maple Leaf Gardens the week of November sixteenth. Mary Robinette joined the Follies after their Toronto appearance.

Helen Dewar Anderson's daughter, Ann, was married last January to Albert Franklin Piggott, a Lieutenant in the United States Armoured Forces.

...

Branksome's second set of twin "grandchildren" have arrived! They are the daughter and son of Katharine Whitehead Harris, grandchildren of Louise MacLennan Whitehead. The first set are the daughters of Lois Plant Barron, granddaughters of Lillie Shannon Plant.

Mary Hanna Hall was elected a National Vice President of the I.O.D.E. last autumn. Elinor Williams Lind is first Vice President of the Toronto Junior League, Betty Becker Kilgour is President of the 37 Club and Peggy MacLaren is treasurer. Betty Muntz has been appointed Alumnae representative in Hamilton, she has a position with the Red Cross in that city.

In the residence are the daughters of Bernice Jephcott Sanderson, Virginia Outerbridge Cooper and the late Ruth McRoberts Pickard. Dorothy Kennedy Smith sends another daughter and in the day school are the children of Carman Fair Capon, Shirley Lind Chelew, Mary Harris Dulmage, Eileen Page Mackenzie, Margaret Kemp Meredith, Katharine Anderson Selby, Lesley Lee Webster, Katharine Scott West, and Virginia Copping Wilson. Helen Wright Walker's two daughters are with us. Grace Morris Craig sends another daughter, Joan Marlow and Margaret Whyte contribute sisters and Helen Walton a niece.

The following "Old Girls" visited the school:—Ruth Langlois Smith, Megan McNaughton Lawson, Mary Wardlaw Edwards, Mary Mitchell Laughton, Margaret Kroehle, Margaret Baker Du Bois, Lisl Hochbaum, Dorothy Larraine, Jane Draper, Meryl Bigelow, Phyllis Longmore Warder.

Marriages

1942

Helen Davidson to Wm. Stewart Best, May 2nd.
Jean McRae to Victor Burns, May 2nd.
Barbara Sloan to Frank C. Shirriff, May 9th.
Helen Berney to John S. McKeown, May 9th.
Mary Hall to Robert Wm. Peck, May 9th.
Dorothy Barber to Wm. Dickson Macdonald, May 16th.
Sherry Bond to Andrew Thos. Mackie, May 20th.
Elizabeth Trees to Frederick Geo. McLaren, May 23rd.
Helen Conway to Lawrence G. O'Conner, May 23rd.
Ruth Owen to Thos. Neynoe Pook, May 23rd.
Mary Turnley to Leroy Fallon, Jr. May 23rd.
Barbara Thomas to Charles D. Francis, Jr. May 23rd.
Jean Sutherland to Winnett Boyd, May 30th.
Grace Wheelwright to Douglas Keefe, May 30th.
Mary Jane Waterman to John R. Miller, May 30th.
Phyllis Millen to Jas. Ian Douglas, June 6th.
Alice Redman to Wm. Joseph C. Gooch, June 8th.
Joyce Caudwell to David H. McF. Stewart, June 16th.
Nancy Walker to Robert W. Wadds June 18th.
Eunice Plant to G. Bruce McCullough, June 20th.
Helen Hunter to Edmund F. McQuigge, June 20th.
Geraldine Rae to Robert Morris Saunders, June 27th.
Audrey Lanskail to Thomas Roden, June 27th.
Eleanore Bell to John W. Lang, July 1st.
Virginia Edwards to Scott Lothrop, July 9th.
Jean Robertson to William Carruthers, July 11th.
Elizabeth Alport to Phillippe Baby, August 1st.
Nora Conklin to Russell H. Skitch, August 3rd.
Mary McFarland to Neil C. Smith, August 15th.
Amy Enderby to Richard R. Noyes, August 22nd.
Molly Morton to J. David Flavelle, September 1st.
Babette Dunham to Robert Gourley September 5th.
Buntz Birkett to Frederick L. Miller, September 8th.
Phyllis Hickman to Harry Collingwood, September 9th.
Janet Brown to Robert John L. Rumble, September 12th.

Mary Glendinning to John Murray Macleod, September 12th.
Megan McNaughton to Donald M. Lawson, September 12th.
Roberta Johnston to Gordon Wm. Fraser, September 12th.
Sally Morton to Henry Jas. Monceaux, September 16th.
Mary Walker to Wm. A. Beggs, September 18th .
Betty Harrison to Lorne A. Patterson, September 18th.
Emmy Lou Leishman to John F. Stares, September 26th.
Mary Ruth Austin to Donald C. Macdonald, September 26th.
Betty Duncan to Charles G. Lloyd, September 26th.
Betty Wheelwright to Thos. Chas. Pullen, September 30th.
Suzanne Powner to Henry Ware Sprague, October 9th.
Mary Holme to Wm. Alex. Reid Stewart, October 10th.
Eleanor Henry to Ernest Rossiter, October 10th.
Gwendolyn Armstrong to Ernest Jas. Bradley, October 14th.
Jane Gibbs to Jas. Alex. McGivern, October.
Macia Campbell to Meyer Friedman, October.
Catherine Bryans to George Arthur Fallis, October 31st.
Jocelyn McWilliams to Edward Alex. Lemon, November 10th.
Marjorie Eastbury to Wm. Wallace Robinson, November 21st.
Rowena Harris to Pierre Hudson Bond, November 28th.
Ruth Carlyle to Geo. Capreol Powell, December 4th.
Fay Young to James A. Empringham, December 7th.
Winnifred Walker to John Wilks Ames, December 11th.
Norma Gagnon to Alexander Taylor, December 25th.
Claire Wallace to James E. Stutt, December 26th.
Elizabeth Johnston to Donald S. Paterson, December 29th.

1943

Kathryn Rowe to Wm. Frederic Anderson, January 5th.
Cecily Taylor to Peter Scarth Osler, January 23rd.
Phyllis Longmore to Frank Warder, February 8th.
Madelon McHugh to Malcolm Geo. Mackenzie, February 18th.
Margaret Mackenzie to Dr. Chas. O. Broad, February 20th.
Betty Wells to E. R. Davis, February 20th.
Elizabeth Chambers to Richard C. Pearce, February 24th.
Margaret Farmer to Wm. Gordon Waugh, March 6th.
Bernie Harris to Thos. Edwin Howson, March 6th.
Ruth Fleming to Richard A. Stumpf, March 15th.
Betty Stone to Henry Wood Fick, March 20th.

Jean Shaver to John M. Hansen, March 27th.

Susan Davis to Wallis Hunt, April 5th.

Edith Kirk to Eric S. Forsythe, May 1st.

Betty Earl to Kenneth E. Groff, May 8th.

Births

1942

Marion Ellsworth Rowan, a son, May 1st.

Martha Coryell Gibson, a daughter, May 10th.

Frances Bell Walker, a daughter and a son, May 13th.

Nancy Wilson Lord, a son, May 24th.

Rosemary McWilliams Bracken, a son.

Ruth Knowlton McEvoy, a daughter, June 2nd.

Betty Dowsley Buddo, a son, June 2nd.

Roma Wilson Knapp, a daughter, June 3rd.

Isabel Adams McIntosh, a son, June 4th.

Helen Pidgeon Caesar, a son, June 5th.

Mary Gibson Baylay, a son, July 3rd.

Elizabeth Ann Tanner Mathes, a son, July 26th.

Phyllis van der Burg Thomas, a daughter, July 26th.

Joyce Sweatman Dalton, a daughter, July 27th.

Marion Lumbers Gibson, a daughter, August 13th.

Constance Pringle Wright, a daughter, August 17th.

Jean Morton Rayside, a son, August 24th.

Vivienne Lewis Northway, a daughter, August 25th.

Clare Keachie McDougall, a son, August 30th.

Mary Stuart Bongard, a daughter, September 11th.

Eleanor Gibson MacGregor, a daughter, September 12th.

Mary Nicholson Henderson, a daughter, September 23rd.

Margaret Heather Pennal, a daughter, September 24th.

Gretchen Heyd Hancock, a son, September 25th.

Vivien Campbell Stewart, a daughter, September 27th.

Gretchen Gray Bedford Jones, a son, September 29th.

Florence Fraser Drew Smith, a daughter, October 4th.

Phyllis White Fraser, a daughter, October 9th.

Jean Wilkinson Shaw, a daughter, October 10th.

Margaret Sorenson Rayner, a son, November 1st.

Betty McBean Leggett, a daughter, November 5th.

Peggy Marshall Buchannan, a daughter, November 7th.

Betty Flavelle Love, a son, November 15th.

Janet Gibson Van Every, a daughter, November 17th.
Willo Love Horsfall, a daughter, December 4th.
Kathleen Boyd Carter, a son, December 4th.
Katharine Plaunt Thomson, a daughter, December 7th.
Hazel Wilkinson Barrett, a son, December 20th.
Muriel Hendry Chown, a son, December 27th.

1943

Barbara Hutton Mortimer, a daughter, January 9th.
Margaret West Dewar, a daughter, January 11th.
Katharine Robson Telfer, a daughter, January 20th.
Elizabeth Henry Dunn, a son, February 10th.
Jean Pirie Martin, a daughter, February 11th.
Sybil Croll Halliwell, a son, February 11th.
Dorothy Thayer Banwell, a son , February 15th.
Katharine Whitehead Harris, a daughter and a son, February 16th.
Virginia Copping Wilson, a daughter, February 21st .
Joy Thompson Hamber, a son, February 25th.
Eileen Page MacKenzie, a daughter, February 28th.
Eleanor Ross Stewart, a daughter, March 2nd.
Ella Lumber Gibson, a son , March 10th.
Helen Stephens Howe, a son, March 11th.
Mary Turnley Fallon, a daughter, March 12th.
Kathleen Coots Perry, a son, March 15th.
Dorothy Smith Fisher, a daughter, March 27th.
Helen Stevens Nixon, a son, March 31st.
Miriam Locke Barrett, a daughter, April 1st.
Frances Read Smith, a daughter, April 1st.
Mary Morley Anderson, a daughter, April 11th.
Lois Walker Mark, a son, April 15th.
Mary Mitchell Laughton, a son, April 21st.
Barbara Waite Kee, a daughter, April 27th.
Genevieve Inglis Harcourt, a son, May 1st.
Jean Harris Horne, a son, May 3rd.
Helen Conway O'Connor, a son, May 7th.

DEATHS

1942

Arthur Hammill, R.C.A.F., husband of Florence Kemp Hammill
June 17th.

Wm. D. W. Hilton, R.C.A.F., husband of Errol Grosch Hilton, July.

Richard, son of Dorothy White Davis, July 18th.

John B. Nicholson, husband of Alice Clappison Nicholson, August 8th.

Captain G. Graham Sinclair, husband of Dorothy Harding Sinclair,
August 19th, (Dieppe).

Lieut.-Colonel John F. McKinley, husband of Gertrude Crannell Mc-
Kinley August 24th.

1943

Wm. Alleyne Rooke, husband of Catherine Davison Rooke and brother
of Helen, March 16th.

Winfred C. Sells, husband of Irene O'Neill Sells, May 1st.

In Memoriam

1942

Mary Taylor, May.

Betty McNeely Hager, May 29th.

Miss Freda C. Cole, November 7th.

1943

Peggy McRae Farris, February.

Bessie McPherson Armstrong, February 4th.

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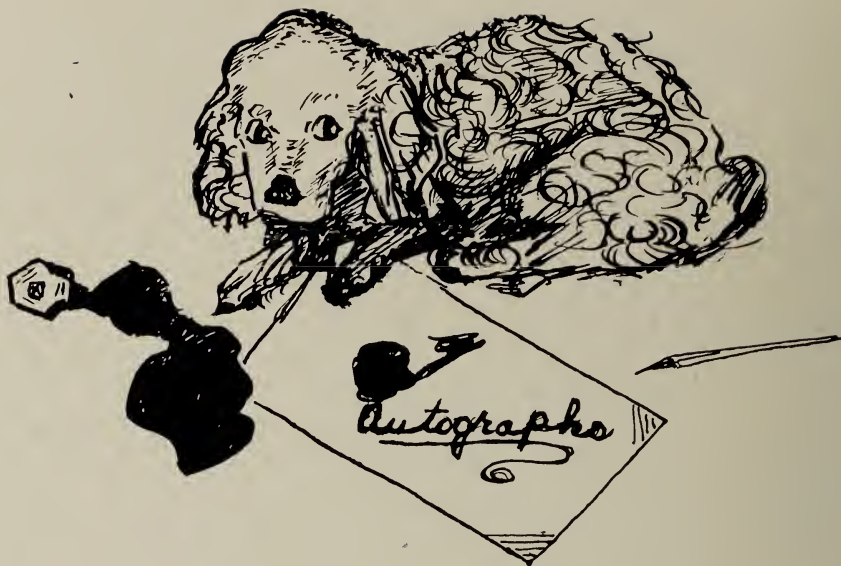
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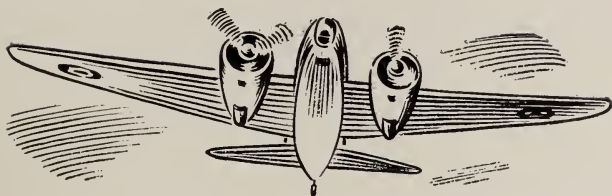
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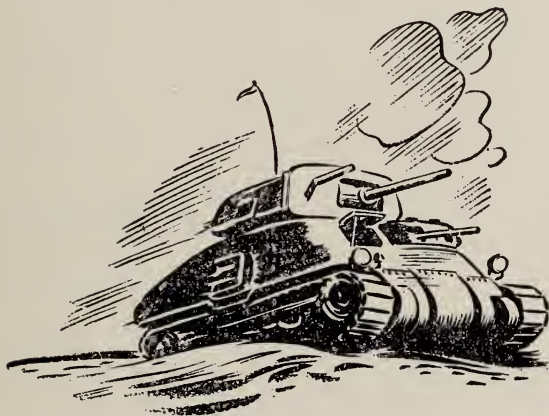
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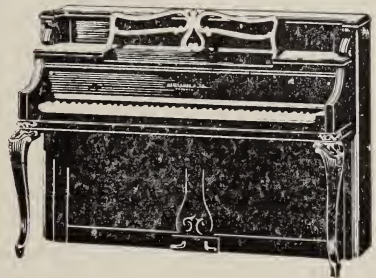
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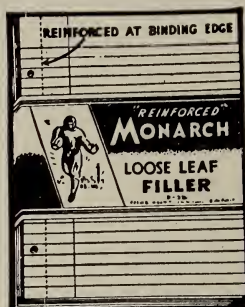
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